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# National English Review

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JANUARY, 1957

No. 887

LORD ATTLEE AND SIR EDWARD BOYLE, M.P.

discuss

## PARTY DISCIPLINE

HAMILTON KERR, M.P.

describes

## A VISIT TO THAILAND

TWO SHILLINGS

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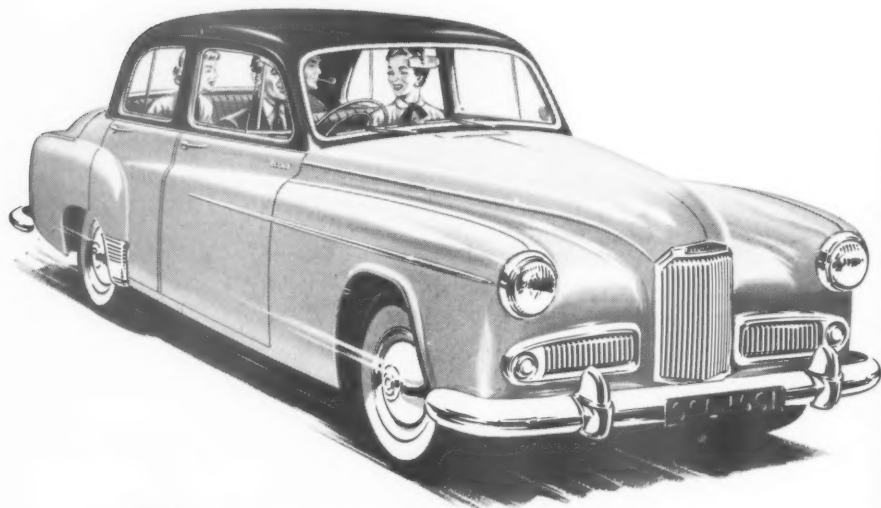


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Cover Picture: Moonlight on the beach at Hua-Hin. (Photograph, Thailand Embassy.)


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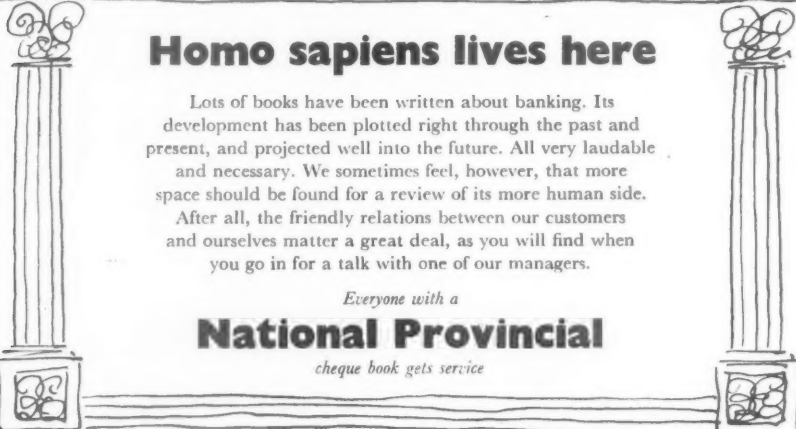




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## *Episodes of the Month*

### **A New Beginning**

ANOTHER year has begun and we wish all our readers success in it. The shadows cast by events in 1956 will be with us for many years to come; but there is no need to be pessimistic. Hungary fights on, the Commonwealth has survived the unprecedented strain placed upon it by our attack on Egypt, and the Anglo-American alliance is gradually reviving. This does not mean that we can think and act as if nothing untoward had happened; we cannot shrug off the past, nor can we escape its baleful legacy. But we can look to the future with hopefulness, knowing that there are reserves of strength in our nation, and in the association of free peoples, which even the folly of politicians cannot destroy.

### **Refugee Problem**

By the night of December 11 rather less than 11,000 Hungarian refugees had been admitted to the United Kingdom—a total at that date far exceeding the number taken by any other country in the world. This achievement, together with the voluntary efforts in every part of the country (the Lord Mayor's Fund, for instance, had already raised £1½ million and has now reached nearly £1¾ million) was in the highest tradition of our country, which has long been famous as a place of political asylum. (Its reputation in this respect may soon acquire a double meaning!) Unfortunately, the problem of

receiving and settling the refugees proved even more difficult than had been expected, and it was found necessary to call a temporary halt to their admission.

We have often been obliged to criticize the Home Office in these columns, but on this occasion we must recognize the wisdom of its decision. The flow of refugees represents the greatest mass immigration we have ever known, and the Government responded to the challenge. All formalities were waived (with the result, no doubt, that some of Kadar's secret police and perhaps a few gaol-birds have got in with the rest), but the machinery improvised for the purpose was insufficient and a breathing-space was urgently needed. Nevertheless, we hope that the interruption will be no more than temporary, as the need has certainly not diminished in the last few weeks. At the time of writing refugees are crossing the Austro-Hungarian frontier at the rate of 1,500 a day, and about a quarter of a million have now left Hungary since the beginning of the revolution on October 23.

Clearly, these people present a problem of the first magnitude, which the New World in particular will have to face. We must and will do all that we can, but the overwhelming desire among these refugees is to put an ocean between themselves and the Russians. The Americans set a provisional limit of 21,500 but when these have been absorbed it is likely that they will feel prompted to take more. The Canadians, like ourselves, have set no limit to the number they will

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take, and Mr. Pickersgill, the very able Canadian Minister of Immigration, has been tackling the emergency with great vigour and resource. His difficulties are, however, complicated at this stage by the inclemency of the Canadian winter—he would prefer not to have to receive too many Hungarians until the spring—and by the growing pressure on Canadian immigration offices in other countries, notably the United Kingdom. In the aftermath of Suez it almost seems that a British refugee problem may be developing!

### Hungary Untamed

A high proportion of those who are leaving Hungary are men under the age of forty, who will be an asset to their countries of adoption and a corresponding loss to their own country. We can sympathize with them and wish them well in the new life which they have to make for themselves; but our sympathy must go out still more to those who have stayed behind and who are maintaining the struggle for freedom against odds which would hitherto have been considered hopeless.

The Hungarian resistance has now outlasted that of the Poles at the time of the Warsaw uprising in 1944. Its form is now largely passive—strike action, for instance, or the march of women through the streets of Budapest in tribute to their dead husbands and brothers—but guerilla warfare still seems to be going on in the provinces. In Budapest itself, from which there is more information than from the rest of the country, there has been no large-scale fighting since November 11; but hardly any services are working normally and the so-called Government appears to be very proud if more than a quarter of the working population returns to work. It is clear that the Kremlin's policy of repression has failed completely. Ever sterner decrees are issued daily, but the one attempt to put them into effect, when Kadar arrested forty-nine of the workers' leaders, quickly collapsed when a general strike forced their release. The kidnapping of Imre Nagy, by one of those tricks which

the Russians have been practising for decades, turned out to be anything but the master-stroke which they may have hoped it would be. It merely intensified the people's resistance to, and hatred for, the puppet Government. Indeed Imre Nagy, the Communist, has now become the national hero and Kadar's only hope of pacifying the country is to come to terms with him. Judging by reliable reports from Budapest, we may infer that Kadar is now aware of this too, but the truth is not so apparent to his Russian masters. General Serov, who is directing operations on the spot, seems to have only one answer—repression. He would do well to examine the early history of the Bolshevik revolution. "All power to the Soviets" was the great rallying cry in the October Days of 1917; in Hungary's October Days the same cry has gone up, and it must seem ominous to the Russian leaders that Workers' Councils now appear to control most of the country outside Budapest.

### What Can be Done?

The outside world continues to look on in wonder, but the frustration about which we wrote last month is still there. What can we do? The United Nations has now passed no less than seven resolutions condemning the Soviet Union's action, but its request for observers to enter Hungary has been refused. The invitation to the Secretary-General to visit Hungary was withdrawn the moment he accepted it, and the only concrete proposal is that the ambassadors of foreign powers in Budapest should go to New York and report to the General Assembly in person. Meanwhile, the Hungarian delegate has walked out of the General Assembly, no doubt anticipating his own expulsion from that body.

Despite the feeling of frustration, there is much encouragement in the fact that opinion throughout the world is hardening against Russia in a way that could hardly have been imagined a few months ago. The attempt by Mr. Menon to water down a resolution condemning the

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Soviet Union was rejected, with several Asian countries voting against it, and Mr. Nehru's unfortunate statement that he did not want the Hungarian situation to distract attention from Suez was quite out of tune with his own public opinion. It has been noted as a very small crumb of credit to Britain and France that they did at least, for whatever reasons, eventually obey the orders of the United Nations.

One more positive step could be taken. The West could at once propose a conference to discuss the future of Hungary with a view to its becoming another Austria. This might well involve certain concessions on our part with regard to Western defence, but in view of the recent NATO meeting these should not be impossible. The Russians must be made to realize that they cannot spread Communism by force. If their motive in seeking to crush the Hungarian national movement was to safeguard their own ideology, their action could hardly have been more grossly misconceived. They have, in fact, alienated from Communism many millions of people in every part of the world who might otherwise have been attracted by it, while they have not even succeeded in breaking the spirit of the small country which has dared to challenge them.

### Phased Withdrawal from Port Said

On December 4, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd announced in the House of Commons that there would be a "phased withdrawal" of Anglo-French forces from Port Said. The process was in fact completed on December 22. We should like to be able to say that this was done out of regard for the code of honour which was violated by the attack on Egypt, but unfortunately it seems that the British and French Governments took their decision, with extreme reluctance, because they were given to understand that oil supplies from the Western Hemisphere would not be forthcoming unless and until they withdrew their forces from Port Said.

Mr. Lloyd's statement brought home to most people that the Government's

Suez policy had been to all appearances a disastrous failure. Those who still found it impossible to admit, even to themselves, that they had been supporting a senseless adventure took refuge in the view that if only the Government had not halted the troops at the moment of victory—if it had allowed them to go on and occupy the whole Canal Zone—all would have been well. This argument was deployed with vehemence by members of the so-called "Suez group," who at least have the merit of consistency. But their assessment of the situation is totally mistaken. If the aggressive action had not been checked, there would indeed have been a "forest fire" in the Middle East—and not only in the Middle East. Both sides in the cold war had been supplying arms to Middle Eastern countries, but physical intervention in the area by two Western Powers was a new and explosive factor. If Britain and France could intervene, there was no reason to suppose the Russians would not follow their example. Within days the cold war might have turned ineluctably into a hot war, which might well have extended far beyond the immediate area of dispute. Even the Government, in its infatuation, was not prepared to run such a stupendous risk.

### Tragedy of Anthony Moorhouse

Readers will recall the fear which we expressed last month that, if Anglo-French forces did not swiftly withdraw from Port Said, some incident might occur which would lead to disastrous consequences. In the atmosphere of hatred which had been created—especially in Port Said, where Egyptian casualties were very much heavier than the first official estimates, and substantially heavier than those given by Sir Walter Monckton after an investigation on the spot—there was an acute danger that acts of vengeance would be perpetrated. One such act did in fact occur—the kidnapping and murder of Lieutenant Anthony Moorhouse, of the West Yorkshire Regiment. The circumstances of his death were particularly tragic, though as we go to press we are still

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in ignorance of the details. He was missing for eleven days, but it was then announced that he had been seen by a U.N. officer, that he was alive and well, and that he would be released when the last British troops had left Port Said. On Christmas Day the news came through that President Nasser had told Colonel Banks, Independent M.P. for Pudsey, that Lieutenant Moorhouse had died at the hands of his captors. Our sympathy goes out to his parents and relations, who had to endure the most terrible suspense and whose hopes were raised only to be dashed. If this young officer was the victim of cold-blooded murder, it is to be hoped that condign punishment will be inflicted upon those responsible for his death. Whatever the provocation, there could be no excuse for such an outrage.

We must protest in passing at the B.B.C.'s handling of news during the Christmas holiday. In the absence of newspapers a special duty rests upon the broadcasting agencies to give the fullest possible account of world events. In fact, the B.B.C. (we cannot speak of I.T.V.) devoted most of its time to descriptions of the weather, of incidents arising from the weather, of travelling conditions in the United Kingdom, and of church attendance and other routine activities on Christmas Day. The death of Lieutenant Moorhouse was just mentioned, but no proper survey of the news was given.

### Petulant Isolationism

The reaction of many Government supporters, in Parliament and in the country, to the manifest failure of intervention in Egypt was profoundly unedifying. The most popular line was one of contempt for the United Nations and downright hostility towards the United States. More than 100 Conservative M.P.s signed a motion deploring American policy and denouncing it as a threat to the Atlantic alliance. Shortly afterwards these people heard from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that, as part of his drastic programme to save the pound, he was asking the Americans to waive this year's interest payment

on the Washington Loan. This, together with the desperate need for Western Hemisphere oil which resulted in the decision to withdraw from Port Said, illustrates the childish folly of trying to "go it alone." The policy of deceiving the Americans and acting in despite of them, far from establishing our independence, has in fact made us very much more dependent upon them than we were before.

M. Mollet is reported to have said that his Government and the British did not consult the Americans before sending the ultimatum to Israel and Egypt, because they knew that if they had done so the Americans would not have allowed them to send it. This is the final confession of second-rateness. Great nations do not behave in this way; they are not afraid to tell their allies what they propose to do. The French have for some time been suffering from a sense of imperialistic frustration. Let us not succumb to the same disease of the mind and heart. Our dream of empire need not be followed by darkness and emptiness. We can awake—indeed we should long since have awoken—to the more splendid reality of Commonwealth. As members of a world-wide partnership, which we have done much to create, we need feel inferior to none. But if we become petulant and wilfully isolate ourselves from our friends, we shall quickly sink to the level of mediocrity.

### Eisenhower-Nehru Talks

On December 16, Mr. Nehru arrived in the United States for a four-day visit, during which he spent many hours alone with President Eisenhower at his Gettysburg farm. This close personal encounter between the two most important men in the free world was thought to have been a notable success, though the official communiqué was vague and uninformative.

It is clear that the Americans have now stepped into the rôle which we could have played, had our leaders possessed the qualities of vision and imagination. Mr. Eisenhower is associating his country with the effervescent nationalism of Asia and

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*Photo : Associated Press.*

MR. NEHRU DRIVES TO GETTYSBURG WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

Africa—a force which cannot be resisted, and whose dangerous potentialities can best be offset by timely recognition and support from the West. The granting of independence to India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma—and in effect to the Gold Coast—had given us a position of unique prestige and opportunity. We could have taken advantage of this to achieve a settlement of the Suez dispute, and if we had shown an undiminished respect for the aims and feelings of the Afro-Asian peoples, they would have looked to us rather than to the Americans for guidance; and the Americans in their turn would have recognized our indispensability as a bridge between East and West. Now we have temporarily sabotaged that bridge by our action in the Middle East, and the Americans are spanning the gulf with a new structure of their own making. We cannot complain, but we have much to regret. Such is the harm which bad politicians can do to their country.

### **Britain's Future in the Middle East**

The Suez intervention has not only aggravated the problems of the Middle East as a whole, but has also virtually demolished our power to help in the practical solution of those problems and has exposed our vital interests in the area to unprecedented danger. We cannot now hope to have any political influence in the Middle East, and the ownership of Middle Eastern assets by the British Government or British firms will be more than ever insecure.

We are, however, dependent upon Middle Eastern oil, and the great problem will be to ensure the supply of this on reasonable terms. For the necessary political stability we must look to the Americans; for the safeguarding of our position as purchasers, if not as owners, of oil we can only rely upon the self-interest of the Arab States concerned. Whatever their attitude towards us, and whatever



the complexion of their governments, they are unlikely to shut themselves off from so large a market as ours. Even so, we shall have to summon up all our reserves of tact and skill if we are to avert the worst consequences of our recent folly.

There must also be agreement about the Canal, but here again we can only look on while others negotiate. The best solution would be on the lines of the Indian proposal at the first Lancaster House Conference in August—a proposal which the British Government failed to support. Whatever is agreed on paper, the Canal will always be in a fundamental sense subject to Egyptian control, inasmuch as it goes through Egyptian territory. On the face of it, therefore, we shall be in danger of discrimination against our ships, since we cannot expect any Egyptian Government to show us much goodwill in the foreseeable future. But in this respect, too, our one important sanction is the volume of traffic, and therefore of revenue, that we can supply. Provided Egypt is satisfied that the system under which the Canal is being worked is not an insult to her national pride, and provided she does not feel that the Western nations are "ganging up" against her, she is hardly likely to forfeit substantial dues even from an ex-enemy source. (In economic terms the Israeli traffic was a comparatively trivial item.)

### Nuri and Nasser

Just as Messrs. Nehru and Eisenhower are the two most important men in the free world, so in the Middle East the two key figures are still (as we go to press) General Nuri Es-Said, the Prime Minister of Iraq, and President Nasser of Egypt. They are sharply contrasted both in what they are and in what they stand for. Nuri is an old-fashioned aristocrat who, by great political adroitness, considerable toughness, and the economic strength derived from the Iraq Petroleum Company, has hitherto managed to achieve a *modus vivendi* with the revolutionary forces of Arab nationalism. Nasser, on the other hand, is the product and expression of

those forces. He comes from the ranks of the under-privileged and is their spokesman; hence his very strong appeal to Arab populations throughout the Middle East and North Africa. The dynasts and traditionalists of the area are not instinctively attracted to him; on the contrary, his Jacobinical ideas repel them and they are suspicious of his ambitions. But they cannot afford to show their feelings publicly; they must go through the motions of supporting him in order to keep "on side" with their own subjects. It has rightly been said that the British are apt to visualize an Arab as being a man in a burnous, sitting under a palm tree or riding a camel; whereas in fact the Arabs with whom we now have to deal wear long trousers, live in towns and are trying hard to copy the West while asserting their own independence.

Nuri and his like cannot therefore be regarded as necessarily the best long-term bet for those who are seeking stable arrangements in the Middle East. (He is himself thoroughly Westernized, but he represents the forces of tradition, which will be under increasingly heavy pressure in the years ahead.) At the moment he is holding his own, having dissolved his Parliament (without, incidentally, being described as a dictator by the British Government); and the Americans have clearly underwritten the Baghdad Pact, though they have still refrained from actually joining it. Nasser, for his part, may fall. The Americans have for some time been working for his overthrow, but of course the Anglo-French intervention upset all their plans and has given Nasser a new lease of life. All the same, the indications are that the Americans still want to be rid of him, and they may succeed, though their task may be more difficult than they suppose.

But, even assuming that they are successful, can we seriously imagine that the deep current of national and social feeling of which Nasser is only a symptom will cease to be the dominant factor in the Middle East? Surely not. Nasser should therefore be thought of not as the name of an individual—here to-day and perhaps

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*Photo: Keystone.*

GENERAL NURI ES-SAID.

gone to-morrow—but as a code-name for Arab nationalism. In this sense Nasser's power is likely to be more lasting than that of Nuri.

### Eden's Return

On December 14, Sir Anthony Eden returned from his three weeks' rest in Jamaica. We do not in the least grudge him this period of absence in a warmer clime; if a Prime Minister is indispensable and his doctors prescribe a certain treatment as the best and quickest way of bringing him back to a state of maximum efficiency, he must obviously have that treatment, even though it may seem sybaritic and may not be available to the ordinary man.

Our complaint against the Prime Minister is not that he went to Jamaica, but that he is a catastrophically bad Prime Minister. This view seems to be gathering adherents even in the ranks of the Conservative Parliamentary Party, which gave him a markedly unenthusiastic reception on his return to the House of Commons. (He must have envied the welcome



*Photo: Barratt's Photo Press.*

PRESIDENT NASSER.

accorded to the Prodigal Son at his homecoming.) Nevertheless, we are still of the opinion that it will be extremely difficult to substitute for Sir Anthony any member of the present Cabinet. They are all compromised, and it seems logical to conclude that if Eden goes his Government will have to go too.

### Foreknowledge?

During the Prime Minister's absence repeated efforts were made in Parliament to extract from the Government a categorical denial that there had been prior knowledge of Israel's intention to attack Egypt. These attempts were always countered by replies the evasiveness of which added greatly to the prevailing mood of suspicion. The Foreign Secretary had stated that we had not instigated the attack and that there was no prior agreement about it; and while the Prime Minister was in Jamaica Government spokesmen refused to go beyond this very unsatisfactory statement. The question of foreknowledge—which was the crucial question—remained completely open.



On December 20 Sir Anthony Eden, having managed to avoid committing himself at Question Time, was forced on a motion for the adjournment to deal specifically with the foreknowledge charge; and most people, studying his words carefully, will conclude that there was, if not foreknowledge, at least a high degree of prescience, leading to Anglo-French discussions about the political and military action to be taken in the event of an Israeli attack on Egypt. (The distinction between foreknowledge and prescience is similar to that between war and armed conflict.) Yet the Prime Minister's words did not create the sensation which, in our opinion, they should have created. They amounted to an admission that the Government had envisaged an act of aggression in the Middle East and had made plans for an intervention without consulting our most important partner in the Atlantic Alliance, who was, more especially, the third party to the Tripartite Declaration.

We explained last month that we would refuse to believe the charges of foreknowledge which were being bandied about until they were proved up to the hilt. In the light of what the Prime Minister has said, it appears that proof is now hardly necessary. Nevertheless, we insist that the Government's guilt, though aggravated by this new revelation, was already overwhelming. The case against what was done after the Israeli attack took place was already so strong that any further evidence of misbehaviour could be treated as superfluous. History will, however, judge the present Government all the more harshly for its treatment of the Americans and of other Commonwealth Governments in view of the Prime Minister's statement on December 20.

### Public Opinion Shifts

Already public opinion has moved a long way from the thoughtless Jingoism which characterized it in November. Charles Curran, who does not share our views on the Government's Suez policy, has

attempted to analyse this manifestation in an article which we publish this month; but since he wrote it there has been a significant change, and he has in effect—as he would be the first to admit—described a mood which only lasted for a few weeks and has now passed into history. The Melton Mowbray by-election result, showing a 7½ per cent. swing against the Government, has disposed of the idea that the electorate would continue to support Sir Anthony Eden whatever the consequences of his policy.

Unfortunately the public, having at first backed him for the wrong reasons, is now turning against him for the wrong reasons. The petrol ration, the petrol tax, the manifold inconveniences which the oil shortage and the present economic crisis will cause—these should be endured cheerfully if the policy which had brought them about were good and right. Equally, even if the policy had resulted in prosperity and material triumph, this would not excuse its being—as in fact it was—bad and wrong. It should not be necessary to remind the citizens of one of the world's most enlightened (and self-righteous) States that ends do not justify means. But such a reminder appears to be necessary.

### Cyprus Again

The Suez drama has distracted attention from the Government's other show-piece of Levantine folly—the situation in Cyprus. This has still further deteriorated during the last few months and it seems most unlikely that Lord Radcliffe's Constitutional proposals will lead to any constructive result. The only hope now lies in a political-cum-military settlement under the aegis either of NATO or of the United Nations. The maintenance of British sovereignty, and the squandering of British and Cypriot lives (not to mention our loss of reputation) will only make matters worse. The Irish analogy is very close, and recent events in Ireland show how bitter is the legacy of English repression in that country. Neither the Southern Irish nor the Cypriots can be regarded as outstandingly go-ahead people; but they are

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not savages, they have their own customs and their own religion to which they are much addicted, and they must be allowed to work out their own destiny in freedom. Even if there were to be violence between Greek and Turkish Cypriots on our departure—which is by no means inevitable—this would not be our responsibility; whereas the present violence is directly attributable to us. It is absurd to persist in a policy which involves bloodshed every day in order to avert a hypothetical state of bloodshed in the future.

The strategic argument for holding on to Cyprus is even more grotesque. It really amounts to this: that if the base on Cyprus were to become a NATO base instead of being under our sovereignty we should not be free to undertake operations in the Middle East, such as the recent attack on Egypt. We should be forced to work in concert with our allies. To many this will seem an overwhelming argument, not for maintaining the *status quo*, but for handing the base over to NATO. Another reason for doing so, and for ending the present state of affairs, is that there can be no permanent value in a military base which is surrounded by a hostile population. (This, it will be remembered, was one of Sir Anthony Eden's main reasons for evacuating the Suez Canal base in 1954.)

### Homicide Bill

At truly Olympic speed the Homicide Bill is flashing through the House of Commons, though the Government's original intention that it should be sent to the Lords by Christmas was defeated by a magnificent filibuster on the part of Messrs. Silverman, Paget and Hale. The Government has, of course, been lucky in that Suez has tended to overshadow the capital punishment issue. The debates have proceeded in a half-empty House, and little of the high drama of the last Session has been apparent.

Even this apathy, however, cannot obscure the fact that the Bill is not a compromise; it is nothing more nor less than a capitulation by the Government. One wag has called it "a Bill to retain aboli-

tion," and indeed it would appear that if the Home Secretary were unwise enough to allow anyone to be hanged under this legislation he would be faced with such an outcry that he would not be likely to repeat the experiment. The situation is quite unreal. Everyone knows that the Bill is ludicrous and its absurdity is made all the more glaring when the Attorney-General intervenes to explain a point. Everyone knows, too, that as soon as there is a Labour majority in the House of Commons, Part II of the Bill will be repealed. For all practical purposes the Government has given up the fight and is simply engaged in yet another face-saving operation. Meanwhile, the only sufferers are murderers and barristers. Many more people are being convicted of murder, where before a soft-hearted jury would have brought in a verdict of manslaughter; and many more murderers are now pleading guilty, thereby depriving hard-working barristers of their fees.

### Shops and Rents

A Bill about which there have been second thoughts in the Conservative Party is the Rents Bill. This was originally welcomed by back-benchers as being a sound Conservative measure—the sort of Bill which would appeal to the electors of Tonbridge, who are nowadays assumed to be the repository of all political wisdom. It would go a long way towards solving the housing problem by freeing a large number of "frozen" dwellings, while at the same time making those members of the "working class" who had been "pampered" in recent years realize that life is grim and rugged.

Then the protests started flowing in and M.P.s began to see that it was not only the "working class" which would suffer, but also the greater part of the embattled "middle class"—the voters of Tonbridge, in fact. And these worthy people displayed a distressing aversion to "sound Conservative legislation." The main criticism relates to the freeing from rent control of houses of less than £30 gross rateable value in the Metropolitan area,

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and £40 in the country. This applies also to statutory tenants whose leases have expired. Strenuous efforts have been made to lower both these limits, but the Ministry's answer is that the limits have to be set thus high in order to protect the tenants themselves. In such a programme of decontrol it is essential to set the number of houses decontrolled high enough to ensure that it does not become worth the landlords' while to sell in every case. The market is to be flooded, in fact, and if the limit were set lower there would not be enough houses decontrolled to achieve this end.

The other measure to which serious objection is now being taken on the Conservative side is the Shops Bill. This is one of those pieces of social legislation which make foreigners assume we must be completely mad. It is difficult enough for the ordinary man to shop in this country already, since the shops are only open when he is at work; under this Bill his task will become virtually impossible. In other respects the measure is admirable, since it puts into effect the recommendations of the Gowers Committee with regard to shops (those relating to agriculture having been effected last year), and only a few Tories take objection to that; but the provisions concerning the hours of opening are likely to be fought tooth and nail.

### Lord Quickswood

A great Conservative who died last month was Lord Quickswood, formerly Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P. On the political issues of his time he was almost invariably wrong, but he was a man of brilliance who was guided in his public life by Christian principles as he saw them. He was at his best in upholding personal liberty against all attempts to undermine it, and he was a formidable debunker of cant. Himself a *manqué* clergyman of the Church of England, he seemed to take a special, and it must be admitted rather malicious,

pleasure in exposing the inadequacies of the clergy. As Provost of Eton he would always preface his sermons, which were models of learning, eloquence and piety, with an apologetic formula to the effect that he spoke only as a layman to laymen, not having the full authority of the priesthood. He also once told an audience of boys, in the presence of one or two of the school chaplains, that monotony was a fault to which the clergy were exceptionally prone. (He was giving an address on the art of public speaking—an art in which he undoubtedly excelled.)

When he left Eton he went to live at Bournemouth, where he could contemplate the sea. ("It never changes.") A few days before he died he wrote a letter strongly defending the right of Mr. Nigel Nicolson, M.P. for Bournemouth East, to quarrel with his Party and with his constituents on a matter of conscience. This letter was read out by Mr. Nicolson at a meeting of his indignant supporters and if it failed to carry conviction the fault was theirs, not Lord Quickswood's. Here is an extract:—

... no one complains of Mr. Nicolson's personal fitness for Parliament. The complaint seems to be that he should vote according to his conscience but against his Party, and I have no hesitation whatever in saying that he has done quite rightly in so voting. He was sent to Parliament to be a representative of the whole Commons of the Realm, speaking in the name of the whole Commons, and not as a delegate of the particular constituency who had the right to appoint him. He was appointed by them as being, in their judgment, a good representative of the whole body of the Commons. Being so appointed it is his business to use the best of his conscience and abilities to serve in the House of Commons by expressing his opinion according to his conscience...

These words are a suitable epitaph to one who understood the nature and purpose of our Constitution, and who always set great store by the freedom of the individual.

*How free should an M.P. be to exercise his own judgment, without regard to his constituents or to his local party association? This question has been brought to the fore by recent events, and it is here discussed by Lord Attlee—for twenty years a party leader—and Sir Edward Boyle, who has recently found himself in conflict with majority opinion in his own Party on an issue of conscience. These two articles should enable readers to make up their minds on a Constitutional matter of the first importance.*

## PARTY DISCIPLINE IS PARAMOUNT

By EARL ATTLEE, K.G., O.M.

WHENEVER a Member of Parliament is at odds with his Party or his constituency organization there is always talk of the degeneration of Parliament. People write to the papers saying that M.P.s are mere robots, slaves to the party machine. They look back to some imaginary epoch when Members were independent and gave free vent to their individual views. The Member in question is always praised for his sturdy independence by the Press of the opposing Party.

This is, of course, quite natural and part of the game. But it has little to do with the realities of political life. No doubt in the days when the Executive was separate from the legislature, and when no regular Parties existed, there was more freedom for the individual, though even then he was very often under the orders of the patron of the constituency who, as one can see from political biographies, was until the first Reform Bill quite able to secure the retirement of the Member if he voted the wrong way. There were no doubt powerful persons in the days of the Rotten Boroughs, and perhaps even later, who could do much as they pleased, but this is all in the past. With the development of Party Government and the growth of the electorate there are few, if any, Members who get into Parliament solely on account of their own qualities. They are elected because the politically active citizens select them as expressing broadly their views, and because these

same citizens have worked to persuade a majority of the electors to support them.

I have known Members who fancied that it was their personalities that secured their election and who have then stood as independents, only to lose their deposits. A candidate to-day does not stand for a number of disconnected items, but in support of the broad policy of one or other of the major Parties. I say one or other, because my remarks do not apply to the Liberal Party of to-day, which is not a serious competitor for office. Liberals more often than not are divided when a vote is taken. The candidate of one of the major Parties, on the other hand, stands for a connected policy and for a certain body of men who, if a majority can be obtained, will form a Government. This is well understood by the electors. If the Member fails to support the Government or fails to act with the Opposition in their efforts to turn the Government out, he is acting contrary to the expectation of those who have put their trust in him.

There are, of course, matters of less political importance on which he may take his own line. Perhaps there is no party issue or perhaps he has made it plain that on this issue he holds certain views at variance with the Party. In the Labour Party there are certain subjects which are held to be matters of conscientious conviction, such as religion, temperance and pacifism, on which latitude has always been



Photo: Keystone.

LORD ATLEE.

allowed—though conscience must not be stretched to cover the unconscientious. But a Labour candidate undertakes generally to carry out the will of the majority of the Party in the House. He is, of course, entitled to put forward his own view at the party meeting, but he is expected to bow to the will of the majority. I never found any difficulty in this. I might think that the majority was wrong, but I was quite prepared to believe that their collective judgment was better than mine. This rule of the majority does not by any means imply that the individual has become a mere robot. Wise leaders always take account of the strength of feeling of the minority, but their influence is exerted in the Party. The crude idea that there is something dishonest in this is quite mistaken. To adhere to any political Party means the acceptance of some things with which one disagrees. In any Party there will be shades of different emphasis, but one joins a Party because it is broadly

more in accordance with one's own views than any others. A real robot Party would be not the one where party discipline obtains, but one where there was no divergence of view among its members.

In my experience a good deal of so-called independence owes more to a desire for notoriety than to conscience. There are some people who delight in a "holier than thou" attitude. I recall an old Labour M.P., Tom Shaw, saying to me, "When I was young I was always talking about my conscience, but one day I realized that what I called conscience was my own blooming conceit."

When a Member finds that he is in disagreement with his Party on a major issue, his right course is to put the matter to his local association. If they wish him to continue to represent them, well and good; but if not he should resign. He can then test the views of the electors at a bye-election, if he so wishes, or can withdraw. There are instances where a Member changes his views and crosses the floor of the House to join another Party. I hold that he ought then to resign and if selected stand again under his new flag. He ought not to continue to sit as a member of the Party to which the majority of his constituents do not adhere. This was, I know, the rule in the Labour Party when someone crossed to our side.

It is sometimes suggested that Party discipline has been tightened up in recent years. That is not my experience. I can remember the campaign in the Conservative Party against the Free Fooders at the beginning of the century, when a number of old and valued Members were rejected because they would not accept the new doctrine of Protection. I am sure that the Liberal Party in the heyday of its power could not have got on without a considerable measure of discipline.

The fact is that in political, as in other forms of warfare, the leader must be able to rely on his troops when he is fighting his opponents. The more that discipline is self-imposed the better, but discipline there must be unless one is prepared to lose the battle.

ATLEE.

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# NO, NOT QUITE . . .

By SIR EDWARD BOYLE, BART., M.P.

I GO a large part of the way with Lord Attlee; but not quite the whole way.

First, it is most certainly true that the virtues of "sturdy independence" are often praised from an unrealistic standpoint. It would be quite impossible to-day for any Government to govern—or for any Opposition to oppose effectively—unless there were a reasonable degree of party discipline. And a Member who regularly fails to support his Party surely cannot expect to enjoy the privileges of party membership. In particular, I can never see the point of abstaining from voting on some relatively trivial matter with which one does not agree. To withhold one's support should always be regarded as a serious step, only to be taken after very careful consideration.

I agree with Lord Attlee that it is not very helpful to draw analogies from the days of the Rotten Boroughs; and for this reason I sometimes think that too much weight is sometimes placed on Burke's famous address to the electors of Bristol. But then I must confess that I am somewhat allergic to Burke anyway! As Sir Richard Pares has shown, there was virtually no *Public Bill* legislation in Burke's day; what Burke had in mind were *Private Bills*, of which the seaports sponsored a particularly large number. And it is not without significance that party discipline grew in the 19th century side by side with the greater volume of controversial Public Bills. The first occasion in our Parliamentary history on which an opposition leader (Disraeli) complained of a "mechanical majority" supporting the Government was during the passing of Gladstone's Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869. I do not honestly see how Governments can dispense with mechanical majorities which are ready to stifle most of their differences when it comes to recording their votes.

Furthermore, as Lord Attlee rightly points out, Members of Parliament only

occupy their seats "because the politically active citizens select them as expressing broadly their views and because these same citizens have worked to persuade a majority of the electors to support them." This leads one to the important question of the right relations between a Member and his constituency association. As I shall show, I think Lord Attlee weights the scales too heavily in favour of the local association, in one important respect. But it would be equally wrong to make the opposite mistake; in particular, no wise Member ever tried to treat his association as a sort of study group! There are certainly times—I know this from experience—when party slogans seem to ring very hollow, and when one wishes that, say, economic or social problems could be considered in a spirit of scientific detachment. On these occasions it is as well to remind oneself that a Member of Parliament can never cease to be a politician, who has only been elected because (in Lord Attlee's words) he has declared his "support of the broad policy of one or other of the major Parties." And there is nothing dishonest about painting the scene—especially at election time—with a relatively broad brush.

I do, however, believe that there are two sorts of occasion on which a Member can reasonably find himself in disagreement with his local association, without any obligation on his part to surrender his views. First, there are those questions which transcend party political boundaries—religion, capital punishment, divorce law reform, Sunday laws, betting laws, and so on. I certainly do not regard a Member as bound to vote on these subjects in accordance with what he believes to be the majority view among his constituents. I think he is quite entitled to take his own line, for two reasons. First, one's approach to many of these questions is very often a highly personal matter. For my own part, I think I am



Photo: Keystone.  
SIR EDWARD BOYLE.

ready and able to defend all the beliefs that I hold (or, in certain cases, reject); but I have never felt that one's moral attitudes are really suitable subjects either for public controversy or for prolonged correspondence. Secondly—and this is rather important—I do not believe that it is at all in the interest of the Conservative Party that non-conforming views on the sort of subjects I have listed should be dismissed as “long-haired” and “cranky,” or (much worse) howled down at the Party Conference. Readers of Mr. Crosland's recent book on Socialism will recall his remark that non-conformists of this kind will always tend to feel more at home in the Labour Party, and I fear that the discussion on capital punishment at Llandudno will have lent some support to this view!

The other occasion on which, as it seems to me, a Member can rightly disagree with his local association occurs when he is honestly convinced that his party leaders have made a grave blunder on a major issue of crucial importance. I do not want to become too personal at this point, but it is perhaps worth remarking that no one has suggested that the

Suez affair was not of sufficient importance to justify resignation from the Government; and for my part I simply cannot see how my own attitude, in deploring what was done, can be regarded as contrary to Conservative principles and beliefs. But it is at this point that Lord Attlee and I part company, because he would seem to regard my own failure to support the Government as in itself a breaking of bounds. “If the Member fails to support the Government, or fails to act with the Opposition in their efforts to turn the Government out, he is acting contrary to the expectation of those who have put their trust in him.” I can only repeat that I think one is entitled to take this action provided, first, that the issue is of sufficient importance and, secondly, that one's reasons for so acting do not run counter to the policy which one has previously put before the electors.

Lord Attlee's somewhat rigorous view of party discipline would entail one rather disagreeable consequence, which is worth pondering. Rival constituency associations tend rather to caricature party divisions, and a rigorist view of party loyalty would make it somewhat difficult for an M.P. to obtain a seat if his views tended towards the centre. I think this would be a pity. I certainly have no respect for the sort of Member who enjoys receiving the applause of the other side for its own sake. But I believe there is room in the House of Commons for Members who are anxious to extend the bounds of what is politically possible for their own side, and who see differences on certain issues in terms not of black and white, but of varying shades of grey.

Finally, I should like to echo what has recently been written by my friend and colleague, Mr. William Shepherd, in the *Daily Telegraph*. A Member will never achieve the right relation with his local association unless he makes the regular practice of keeping in personal touch with them. He should make a point of holding regular “off the record” discussions with his officers—just as, in the House itself, he always has access to his Whip.

EDWARD BOYLE.



# LORD BUDDHA AND THE MARXISTS

By HAMILTON KERR, M.P.

(With sketches by the author)

A VAST green plain, a river winding its way to the sea—you might be flying over Holland or Northern Germany expecting at any moment to land at Rotterdam or Hamburg. As you approach the airport the illusion persists. A helicopter rises in the air; the latest 'planes with American markings stand on the tarmac, and you feel that you are landing at a base of some importance. This is indeed true, for Bangkok is the Headquarters of SEATO. But once outside the airport the similarity with Europe ends. The first impression is one of lush greenness and water everywhere. Countless canals, or *Klongs*, intersect the landscape of waterlogged rice fields, where black water-buffaloes wallow at their ease. All the houses stand upon stilts and are approached by small wooden bridges reflected in the still water with the shapes of palm and banyan trees. You feel that the whole country resembles a bed of lush green watercress growing in a pool of water.

The impression grows when you visit one of the great sights of Bangkok, namely, the floating market. The houses on their stilts line the *Klongs*, and directly behind these the jungle begins with its great drooping leaves and its mysterious green lights. The houses indeed resemble rafts to which all human life clings, fathers, mothers, children, grandparents, cats, dogs and even hens in wire cages; also a charming touch of orchids in wooden baskets hanging from the roof by wires. On the water itself you can buy anything you want. One small boat is a floating coffee-stall, another sells fruit, vegetables and eggs, another meat or fish. The people themselves are so friendly. Everyone waves at you as your launch passes by, and you feel that you are in your constituency on election day. In addition to the smiles, the people are so handsome.

It is almost impossible to find an ugly person in Thailand. Gauguin should certainly have deserted Tahiti and found subjects for his canvas in this lovely, flowered and amiable land.

Even its religion is gentle and benign like the smile on the face of its supreme Ruler, the Lord Buddha. His presence is felt everywhere. In the Royal Palace his throne stands behind and above the King's Throne, a symbol that the spiritual power is greater than the temporal. The King himself, at appropriate seasons, changes the jewelled robe on the famous jade statue of Buddha with his own hand, and when we arrived in Bangkok he had just completed his period of training as a Buddhist monk. The Royal Palace is fabulous, an evocation of Aladdin, a fairy structure of 1,000 shimmering lights. Every surface glitters with gold and mosaic and porcelain. In the temples, the sound of bells, stirred by a gentle wind, lulls the sense into serene happiness, and above all this beauty rise the great soaring roofs of yellow-red and green and indigo, with carved elegant finials to the gable ends resembling the exotic fingers of the classic Thai dancers. Although the Palace and its Temples were only built about 150 years ago, they are built in the best Thai tradition, and recall a world filled with the songs of birds and made colourful with flowers and butterflies.

Our stay in Bangkok coincided with the Buddhist Feast of Loy Kathin. After dark every pious person buys an imitation lotus or a paper boat, in which are placed lighted candles and joss sticks, and the little boat or lotus is then launched out upon the water. In company with many others, I launched my little boat, not only fascinated by the beauty of the sight, as if all the stars of the Milky Way had suddenly fallen out of the sky into the water, but encouraged by the assurance of all those



TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD BUDDHA, BANGKOK.

standing by that my sins left me at that moment and floated away with the boat on the water. What a charming way of expiating your many faults ; no fasts, no mortifications, no horsehair shirts like a medieval saint, only an act of contrition as winning to the heart as the smile of a child.

The people of Thailand, already happy by disposition, are the fortunate possessors of a well-endowed country supplied with ample rice from the soil and fish from the sea. No one need starve, and Communism, therefore, finds few adherents. Only to the North, approaching the borders of the Viet Minh territories, do we find the outposts of Communist power, and behind these again, stretching for mile after mile, the great, teeming, strangely stirring land of China. Between Thailand and Great Britain the links have always been strong and numerous. The English public schools and Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have educated many of the Princes of the ruling house, and the sons of wealthy landowners and industrialists. At the present moment no less than 150 leading Thai personalities have received their education in England. However, the

United States is exercising ever more and more influence. The American Mission in Bangkok numbers many hundreds, and American engineers are building a great strategic four-lane road through the thick-nesses of the jungle. Naturally the SEATO organization centred in Bangkok derives its main source of strength from American air and sea power stationed in the Pacific bases. In the event of an emergency, powerful air forces would descend on the Thai airfields, and great fleets equipped with aircraft carriers would move at once to their battle stations.

The Inter-Parliamentary Union Conference in Bangkok was certainly one of the most important ever held. For the first time the meeting-place of the Conference was in South-East Asia, that teeming no-man's-land where the forces of democracy and Communism battle for supremacy. Both the Americans and the Russians had arrived in force, and the twin events of the attack on Suez and the Hungarian massacres had naturally created an atmosphere of tension. The work of the Conference divided itself into several parts. First came the report of the Secretary-General, when the rules of procedure allow a speaker to deal with any subject he chooses. It was interesting to notice how a certain number of speakers, like those Members in the House of Commons who obviously address their speeches to the constituency rather than to their fellow-Members, concentrated on the problems of their particular countries or areas. But the twin themes of the Conference soon became more and more evident ; the criticism of Great Britain, France and Israel for their attack on Egypt, and the passionate feelings aroused by the Russian massacre of the citizens of Budapest. These two themes ran through the whole week of debates, whether the discussion centred on disarmament, human rights, or the development of the backward areas of Asia and Africa. We were conceited enough to feel that our delegation undoubtedly made an impression. In the first place, I must give credit to the Labour Members, who behaved with reserve and dignity. Instead of making attacks on the

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## LORD BUDDHA AND THE MARXISTS

Tory Government, they contented themselves with saying that divisions of opinion, as everyone already knew, existed inside the British Parliament, but they went on to develop practical and constructive points.

Another advantage which our delegation undoubtedly possessed was the training in debate which life in the House of Commons provides. Our members were quicker than others to seize upon points, and answer them impromptu. The House of Commons' rule of not reading your speech likewise increases the effect of its presentation. The other delegates without any exception read their speeches from prepared scripts. None presented their case worse than the Russians; their arguments were so patently false and insincere that even the most gullible waverers could not have believed them, and one and all gabbled from typewritten scripts. As they had not even taken the trouble to time themselves beforehand, they always exceeded their allotted fifteen minutes, to the indignation of the other members. The leader of our delegation, Colonel Stoddart-Scott, rightly protested about this; also that the Russians were allowed far more speakers than other nations.

However, the intense feeling against Russia provided the most interesting trend in the Conference. To our surprise we soon realized that the attacks on ourselves over Suez were beginning more and more to take second place to the atrocities in Budapest; and the Russians must have felt themselves completely isolated. The distinction which the Assembly made narrowed itself to one point. France, Israel and ourselves had responded to the cease-fire order given by the United Nations. The Russians had completely ignored it. Since the Conferences are composed of Members of Parliament who are free to speak according to their inclination, and whose speeches do not commit their respective Governments, one rarely finds important conclusions. More disappointing still, one rarely hears new or constructive points of view. Without exception, most speeches dwelt upon abstractions and commonplaces far older



RUINED LIBRARY IN ANGKOR THOM.

than Methuselah, so that one recalls Ernest Bevin's comment, given in his inimitable French, on the speech of a Cabinet colleague—"Clitch after Clitch."

The end of the Conference coincided with the visit of Chou-En-Lai to the neighbouring State of Cambodia, a reminder of the battle for the allegiance of the uncommitted nations. After the French defeat in Indo-China, the territories which were not ceded to the Viet-Minh were divided into the three States of Cambodia, Laos and Viet Nam. The domination of these three States by Communist China would encircle Thailand on two sides, and bring the Communist power within a few hundred miles of Singapore. I happened to be in the small Cambodia town of Sien Reap when the local authorities were preparing for the visit of Chou-En-Lai. Triumphal arches of green leaves were being constructed, fences were being touched up with white-wash, bulldozers were levelling roads, and the flag of Cambodia flew everywhere side by side with the red flag of Communist China, with its five gold stars. Masses of schoolchildren were rehearsing their songs of welcome and in fact, poor little creatures, were on parade from first light. Chou-En-Lai himself was due to arrive at three



THE BAYON, ANGKOR THOM.

in the afternoon attended by a retinue of sixty and flying in his own 'plane. When you do not speak the language it is impossible to tell how genuine these demonstrators are, or if they are merely an excuse for the Oriental passion for a party.

Chou-En-Lai, apart from his diplomatic manoeuvring, was going to visit one of the greatest wonders of the world—the Temple of Angkor Vat and the ancient capital of Angkor Thom. These fabulous structures were built by the Khmers over a number of centuries, the latest in date being the Temple of Angkor Vat, contemporary with Saint Louis and the second Crusade; that is to say, towards the middle of the 12th century. After the fall of the Khmers the jungle encroached upon these vast constructions, and all were forgotten until the middle of the 19th century, when French missionaries suddenly stumbled across these ruins. For the missionaries themselves it must have been an experience of fabulous excitement to find these enormous vaults and pyramids of stone, which give the illusion of a work undertaken by men of super-human powers. Since that time, French scholars and archaeologists have

carried out a work of reconstruction so exact and marvellous that the ancient splendours have nearly all returned. If anyone who reads this article has the chance to visit Angkor, I advise him to get his first view at sunset. The immense moat which surrounds its enclosure reflects the fiery colours of the sky, and the stone of the Temple glows with a celestial aura against the darkening tones of the night. An enormous causeway provides the one approach, decorated with stone lions and the heads of the Naga, the seven-headed cobra, a motif repeated again and again as if the Lord Buddha himself had suddenly frozen all the snakes of the world into stone at his will. The silhouette of the Temple rises in the form of pyramid like the temples of Mexico or those of ancient Babylon, and it is crowned with three towers shaped like sugar-loaves. I find it almost impossible to convey the impressions which crowd upon you. The pyramidal design gives a feeling of strength and solidity combined with exaltation. It is both majestic and dramatic, like the music of some solemn Coronation rite. Within the confines of the Temple you wander down hundreds of yards of sculptured frieze depicting the battles of Gods and men, of saints and devils, of elephants and crocodiles, of the clash of war vessels and foot soldiers—all so vast, so confusing, of a dexterity so bewildering, that you feel yourself numbed as in a dream.

Equally interesting is the *Bayon* or central building of the ancient city of Angkor Thom. On all sides, from every corner, projection, angle and wall, the face of the Lord Buddha smiles down upon you. You are enveloped in the atmosphere of a serene and eternal smile. In the surrounding jungle giant banyan trees spring from the ruins of temples and libraries, and I remember particularly a path which leads you to a shrine placed in a small clearing of the surrounding greenery. A Buddha stands here, his two hands raised as in a gesture of blessing. He is known as the Buddha of the Freedom from Fear.

As my 'plane flew back to Bangkok that

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afternoon, I wondered if Chou-En-Lai, would stand before that figure and what impression, if any, it would make upon the mind of the atheist-Marxist-materialist. Two forces would confront each other face to face. I have no doubt which will win in the end. When the Marxists have constructed their hydro-electric works, their steel mills, their engineering shops, and have completed their tiresome propa-

ganda speeches about them, they will find that the answer to life has eluded them after all. Once again they will surely ask themselves the age-old questions—what is it all about, why are we here, where are we going?—and to these Karl Marx has no answer. Perhaps that is why the Lord Buddha is always smiling.

HAMILTON KERR,

## MR. GAITSKELL'S HUNDRED DAYS

*Some Notes on British Public Opinion during the Suez Crisis*

By CHARLES CURRAN

A POLITICAL earthquake has taken place in Great Britain; it is still going on. The first wave of shocks lasted for approximately a hundred days, from Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal at the end of July up to the cease-fire at Port Said in November. I want to examine one part of that convulsion—namely, the upheaval in our public opinion during the hundred days. This upheaval laid bare a number of significant facts about the beliefs and the attitudes of the British people. It exposed the great divide that separates the common man from the publicists, ideologues and political calculators who claim to speak for him. It revealed the gulf between the inarticulate masses and the talking classes; between the basic national character and the soap-bubble superstructures erected by the dealers in words. It negated many theories about suggestibility. It showed that Britain, as well as France, has her *pays réel* and her *pays légal*.

The shock that caused the earthquake was the apparent willingness of Sir Anthony Eden and his Cabinet to use force in Egypt as an instrument of national policy. This attitude, which involved a moral issue, was attacked from the Right as well as the Left. Some Conservatives

condemned it; others regarded it with misgivings. But the Left challenged it on a vast and clamorous scale. Against it, they mobilized the most violent agitation that has been seen in our politics since the campaign to kill the Corn Laws. In its conception it was flawless. It followed the classic formula, first applied by Bright and Cobden, of using a moral issue to rouse the liberal conscience, then reinforcing the response by calling in the crowd. A vast coalition was rapidly set up, headed by Mr. Gaitskell, which embraced the Socialist party machine, the trade unions, the Co-operative societies, a mixed assortment of middle-class intellectuals, publicists and clergymen, and which was supported by the Communist Party. The coalition was boomed by a battery of national newspapers that included the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Herald*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Daily Worker*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Observer*, the *Sunday Pictorial*, *Reynolds News*, as well as the trade union press. Its object was to split the Cabinet and drive the Prime Minister from office.

The agitation was raised to boiling-point on Wednesday, October 31, when the first air attacks were made on Egypt. Next day, the Socialist party executive



announced "the biggest propaganda campaign that the Labour movement has undertaken since the general election." Simultaneously with that announcement, the Socialists promoted a pandemonium of violence in the House of Commons. Ministers were howled down by blasts of frenzy. ("Getting up on the front bench," said one of them to me, "is like opening the door of a furnace.") The Speaker was forced to leave the Chair after a scene which one Parliamentary observer described as "a babel of abuse, with such phrases as 'you bloody cowards,' 'you filthy lot of Fascists,' 'you gang of murderers,'" The tempest inside the House was duplicated outside it. On Sunday, November 4, the Socialists held a demonstration in Trafalgar Square. A mob filled the square, clashed with the police, and tried to march on Downing Street; the tumult was unparalleled since the disturbances in the unemployed riots of the 1880's. That night Mr. Gaitskell broadcast a speech in which he branded Israel as the aggressor. On the following night, he harangued a shrieking audience in the Albert Hall, interrupted by shouts of "general strike."

But the stampede did not start. Mass opinion refused to catch fire. The policy of deliberate pandemonium broke down. News of the British landings in Egypt provoked not outcry but enthusiasm. So far from rushing to stop "Eden's war," the common man endorsed it.

On Sunday, November 11, the *News Chronicle* conducted one of its periodical Gallup Polls of public opinion. It asked "Do you agree or disagree with the way Sir Anthony Eden has handled the Middle East situation?" The result was that 53 out of every 100 voters agreed; 32 disagreed, and 14 were undecided. Not only did 89 per cent. of Tory voters endorse Eden; more significant still, so did 20 per cent. of Socialist voters, and 46 per cent. of Liberal voters. Support for the Government, in fact, had risen throughout the anti-Government campaign. "For the first time in twelve months" confessed the *News Chronicle*, "the Conservatives are ahead."

Politicians and journalists confirmed the verdict. So did the Tory party machine. And so, in the end, did the Socialist leaders themselves. On November 15, the *Daily Mirror* supplied the epitaph for the Hundred Days. It wrote "The campaign conducted with great vigour by this newspaper and others has not convinced the public of the perils of Sir Anthony Eden's policy on Suez."

The coalition broke up. The campaign had been the most spectacular failure in the history of British agitations for a hundred years. There had been nothing like it since the collapse of the Chartists.

\* \* \*

But why did it fail? Why was it that the hitherto infallible formula—a moral issue linked with an appeal to the mob—could not produce, in 1956, the tidal wave that topples Governments?

There were, I think, two main reasons. One was Mr. Gaitskell.

Mr. Gaitskell's personality has been summed up in a floodlit phrase. He is, said Mr. Bevan, "a desiccated calculating machine." Last autumn, the calculating machine miscalculated; and, consequently, electoral electronics suffered its most serious set-back since it made Mr. Dewey the American President in 1948. For Mr. Gaitskell approaches politics with all the deftness of a clockwork robot. He lacks instinct, intuitiveness, spontaneity; there never was a mass leader with less comprehension of the common man. Inspection of his Hundred Days confirms this analysis. It suggests, too, that he strives to correct his emotional shortcomings by cold-blooded celebration.

When the Hundred Days began, Mr. Gaitskell accepted without reservation Eden's decision to challenge Nasser. That historic document, *Hansard* for August 2, proves this to demonstration. As one Socialist critic wrote, quite rightly, Mr. Gaitskell at first reacted "like an orthodox Tory." But then he heard the rumblings from his soft underbelly; from the rootless men around him who feel for every British belief and tradition nothing except a jeering, contemptuous hatred. He

## MR. GAITSKELL'S HUNDRED DAYS

mistook these rumblings for the voice of the masses ; and he rushed to change direction. He seems to have calculated that it was necessary for him to do so, in order to keep his newly-acquired grip on the leadership. It would be unfair to say that he played party politics ; what he did was to play personal politics. He saw England's difficulty as Mr. Gaitskell's opportunity.

The synthetic nature of his vociferations communicated itself rapidly to the Tory party in Parliament—and gradually to the common man. The process was stimulated by the widespread popular disgust with the rowdiness in the House of Commons. Then came the impact of Mr. Gaitskell's personality on television. The date was November 4 ; it was fatal for him.

His TV speech was a triumph of mistiming. Coming at that moment—when the troops were going into action—it looked, and sounded, like a shrill quest for party advantage on the Port Said battlefield. It is bare accuracy to say that on that night Mr. Gaitskell slew himself with his tongue.

But there was another reason, more important than Mr. Gaitskell, for the failure of the Hundred Days.

\* \* \*

In that shrewd, percipient scrutiny called *Exploring English Character* (published by the Cresset Press in 1955) Mr. Geoffrey Gorer examines the change that has apparently taken place in Englishmen since the 18th century. Superficially, the change has been enormous ; one of the most lawless peoples in the world has become one of the most law-abiding. But this, he suggests, is superficial only. The aggressive impulses that have marked the English character in the past are still there, in a sublimated form. They express themselves now in an appetite for mastery that is seen in the national predilection for gardening and for keeping pets. "But there are occasions," writes Mr. Gorer, "when the conscience gives its approval to the release of aggression. A war in a good cause is the most obvious example."

My own observations during the Hundred Days lead me not only to accept Mr. Gorer's analysis but to put it more strongly. The common man is far more willing to support the use of force, and far less inclined to shrink from it, than intellectuals suppose. Instead of being shocked by the attack on Nasser, he received the news with a sense of satisfaction. His attitude might be summed up as "thank heaven, we are hitting out at last, instead of being kicked around." To quote the *News Chronicle's* assessment of its poll findings : "Behind this swing lies a sincerely-held conviction that because the United Nations seemed powerless, military intervention was necessary ; and a feeling of patriotic relief that Britain at last had acted."

The broad accuracy of that assessment was brought home to me whenever, during the Hundred Days, I went outside the atmospheric pressures of Westminster to address meetings in the suburbs or the provinces. On the night of Friday, November 2, for example, I travelled to a town in Kent to speak to Tory voluntary workers. I left a central London that was seething. There were processions in Whitehall with banners that read "Stop Eden's War" and "Not a gun, not a bomb, not a man, for the Tory warmongers." At Victoria Station I heard a woman shouting "Eden is a murderer." But my audience, forty miles from London, displayed no excitement at all about Suez. A hundred people put questions to me for more than an hour—about the cost of living, the price of season tickets, food subsidies, differential rents, building society interest rates. Only two questions referred to Suez. One was "When are we going to land ?" and the other "Do you think the Americans have played fair with us over Middle East oil ?"

This discrepancy in temperature between Westminster and the constituencies was noted by many politicians. M.P.s of all parties will confirm, I think, that their working-class constituents in particular were strongly in favour of force. Some politicians have tried to trace a rough correlation between support for force and



support for keeping the death penalty (though this was certainly not apparent in the House of Commons). Endorsement for Eden came, too, from men who had soldiered in Egypt. It was more than a jest to say, as many people did, that Mr. Gaitskell was beaten by the Eighth Army.

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It may be that Britain must now adjust herself to a world in which any use of force for national ends will be ruled out. But the Hundred Days suggest, I think, that the processes of readjustment will be far more difficult for the common man than intellectuals suppose. Britain, which has felt herself for centuries to be a great and powerful country, will not easily sink into an inferior role. To suppose that she will accept eclipse without suffering a psychological wound of the deepest and the most painful kind is to misunderstand the nature of Englishmen.

The wound will resemble that inflicted on a whole generation in Spain in 1898, when she lost the last remnants of her Empire in her war with the United States. The marks have been visible on the character of Spain ever since, in her politics, in the writings of Unamuno and Ortega y Gasset, in the compulsive pressures for cultural unity with the lost dominions that have created *Hispanidad*. But the inarticulate, instinctive Englishman will suffer

much more than the Spaniard. For his great age is far more recent than Spain's.

The Suez defeat, inflamed by the jeering delight of the Socialist intellectuals at every blow to Britain's pride, and the unending chorus of taunts proclaiming that there is worse to come, may well produce, not a humble acceptance of dollar sycophancy but something far different, Milton—who understood Englishmen better than Mr. Gaitskell—expressed it in the words of Lucifer after the fall.

What though the field be lost ?

All is not lost—the unconquerable will

And study of revenge, immortal hate

And courage never to submit or yield.

Assailing the Englishman's deepest convictions with gloating prophecies of downfall may not prove to be as politically profitable as Mr. Gaitskell's thinkers suppose. Sir Anthony Eden, in voicing both his contempt for Nasser and his refusal to take orders from Washington, showed his intuitive comprehension of his countrymen. The Tory Party now could take this comprehension a good deal further. They might even lead the nation into a decade of deprivation, for the sake of atomic investment on a scale grandiose enough to enable us to resume our place as a dominating power.

The Hundred Days, I believe, have demonstrated that the basic England still exists.

CHARLES CURRAN.

## MENDING THE RIFT

By DENYS SMITH

STALIN was being very funny back in 1952. Everybody in the Western world had a good laugh at his expense. He actually said in the course of a 50-page statement of his views in *Bolshevik*, the magazine of the Communist Party Central Committee, that conflict between France and England on one side and America on the other was more likely than conflict between the "capitalist" and communist

blocks! Perhaps the reason the Russians recently had to close "for repairs" the tomb where Lenin and Stalin lie mummified was that Stalin had risen in his grave to indulge in a loud last laugh. For while the United States was not doing much about Russian repression of freedom in Hungary, apart from praising its victims and accepting its refugees, mainly on a parole basis, it had taken a very firm stand

## MENDING THE RIFT

against its traditional friends in the Middle East, and even joined with the Soviets in voting in the U.N. against them.

It is useful at times to try and put oneself in another's place. We can imagine the arguments in Moscow early in the year. Russia was having trouble. People behind the Iron Curtain were growing restless and wanting more of the good things of life. The satellites were growing restless and demanding more independence. The Western world, on the contrary, looked discouragingly strong and united. How could a rift be brought about in the Western world to even things out? There were two Western weak spots, two areas of division where the leading Western allies did not see eye to eye or work in full harmony; the Far East and the Middle East. In each area there was a tool ready to use; Mao of Communist China and Nasser of Egypt. In which area could the underlying divisions be increased so that a real rift would develop? The merits of acting in either area were no doubt closely examined, the susceptibility of each dictator to encouragement to follow a suitable line studied, the reaction in America and Britain, after forcing a situation in which either would be impelled to act independently of the other, assessed. The conclusion was no doubt reached that a renewed threat to Formosa which America held vital to her security would lead to an American riposte, with which Britain and France would disagree, but which they would not oppose. On the other hand, a threat in the Middle East to Britain's vital oil supplies and the vital Suez Canal might provoke a British response which the United States would not only refuse to support, but might openly oppose. Britain in short was more likely to accept an American policy of which it disapproved, than America to accept a British policy of which it disapproved. No secret documents are likely to disclose if any such debate really took place. But if that was the Russian trap and that the Russian calculation, the Western world certainly fell into it and fell for it, and was subjected for a time to strains which even the Russians could scarcely have expected.

During the height of the strained period, Eisenhower was in Augusta, Georgia, on vacation. With some topical emendation one of the old "Ruthless Rhymes" might apply.

Ike was playing golf  
While the crisis lasted  
His British friends were all condemned  
All their leaders blasted,  
And the thought of England's shame  
Almost put him off his game.

In the end the President's golf and the Middle East situation both improved. But the "deep freeze" of Anglo-American relations had lasted a full month. There was a slight wobble at the start. The early angry drive to have Britain and France condemned by the U.N. as aggressors, to order the Sixth Fleet into positions where it would block British and French carrier forces, to assist Egypt as though she were the innocent victim of unprovoked aggression, was pulled up short by the President. He made a speech declaring it to be the "manifest right" of Britain and France to act as they did, just as it was America's right to dissent. But the "tough" school at once rallied against a more conciliatory line. The theory that while the Anglo-French action could not be approved, yet once it had been started it was to America's interest to see that it was successful, got nowhere. The view that American policy must be to see that it did not succeed prevailed. The assumption seemed to be that the Middle East crisis began with Anglo-French intervention and all that was needed was to get the Anglo-French forces out; Britain should be made to "stew in her own juice" and realize the consequences of her independent action. One dubious point is whether the President agreed to and then cancelled a Three Power meeting with Mollet and Eden shortly after the Presidential Election. Many people who have seen the President have been deceived by his affable manner into believing they had won agreement to the case they presented, only to find that they had made no impression. It is possible that Eden felt the same way after a telephone conversation with Eisenhower. But there

was no indication at the Washington end that Eden was out of Coventry. It may be that when American diplomats in Paris and London found the assumption prevalent that a Three Power meeting was possible they called upon Washington to quash the idea more decisively. This may have led to the belief in those two capitals that there had been a change in the American position.

While the views of the "tough" school were dominant, Britain was, in all but name, being subjected to diplomatic and economic sanctions. There was no exchange of ideas at the official level. Audiences were granted when requested and the American officials listened courteously, but that was about all. There was, practically speaking, a breach of diplomatic relations. Then again, the exemption of American oil companies from anti-trust action if they co-operated in supplying Western Europe with oil was withheld. The reason given, which may have had some validity, was that the oil plan would annoy the Arabs and possibly lead to the sabotage of the untouched 30-inch "tap-line" of the Aramco Oil Co., which passes through Syria on its way to Sidon in Lebanon. Some commentators thought they detected a deliberate policy of playing down the Hungarian atrocities in order not to arouse public opinion sufficiently to turn its attention from Egypt. There was also a move to cut loose from America's old friends and to bring about a fundamental re-orientation of American foreign policy. This was, in short, to play down the string of American defensive alliances round the Soviet periphery and rely on the United Nations for collective security. A necessary corollary was to assure an American majority in the U.N. by an alignment with the Bandung neutrals. The Afro-Asian block, combined with the Latin-American block, would almost assure a two-thirds Assembly majority. At the same time the rejection of any meeting with the British and French Prime Ministers was pointedly balanced by an invitation to Nehru to come to Washington. The policy was summed up by Walter Lippmann as one of "playing

second fiddle to the Soviet-Egyptian axis."

The most encouraging feature of the whole business was that this "tough" policy did not have the support of the articulate majority of the American people. It was criticized by many newspapers and commentators. It was under attack from right-wing Republicans (who hold Communism the main enemy and whose criticism of Britain has been based on the theory that Britain was soft on Communism) as well as left-wing Democrats. American organized labour, speaking through the Executive Committee of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., attacked it. These pressures, combined with the complaints of other Western European countries that they, though innocent, were being made to suffer along with France and Britain, strengthened the hands of the anti-tough school within the Administration and finally forced a change. One suspects that the President's own inclinations must have led him to serious doubts about the wisdom of the "tough" school attitude and their long-range policy views, and once their strength and authority was demonstrably diminishing was more than ready to about-face. The way for such an about-face was eased by intimations from London that a phased withdrawal from the Suez as the U.N. police force was strengthened would be announced. Events followed in quick succession. The President proclaimed from his vacation headquarters his continued support for the Atlantic Alliance; it was "basic and indispensable." American concern over Soviet penetration in the Middle East and American support for the Moslem members of the Bagdad Pact was made plain by the State Department. Any threat to their independence "would be viewed by the U.S. with the utmost gravity." The emergency oil plan was put into operation. A statement, approved by the President, was issued from the State Department placing the United States squarely behind the objectives of Britain and France in the Middle East. Problems there must be dealt with by the U.N. "fully and promptly." Finally, Vice-President Nixon, acting as Administration spokesman, ad-

## MENDING THE RIFT

mitted that the U.S. hadn't been "without fault," Britain and France acted "under great provocation." He added, in effect, that the United States would give what support might be necessary to back up sterling, while other officials supplied this interpretation just in case the purport of the Vice-President's generalized remarks had been missed. Officials no longer talked in exaggerated terms of the rift in Anglo-American relations. The President spoke of "differences" between the U.S. and her "traditional friends." Dulles spoke of "misunderstandings." Seldom can the attitude of one great power towards another have changed quite so quickly. There was hardly time for observers in Washington to note the spring freshet in the parched fields of Anglo-American friendship before they were confronted with the flood.

The argument whether anything good has come out of Anglo-French intervention in Egypt, and if so whether the same result could not have been achieved in some other way, is likely to continue as long as history is written. From its nature no answer to the second half of the question can ever be proved. So far as the first half is concerned, the ill-effects, whether they be considered due to British intervention or American policy of seeing that the intervention was cut short, are more obvious than the good. But certain things can be put on the credit side of the operation. Moscow's efforts to get a military as well as a political foothold in the Middle East have now been recognized. There is a U.N. police force on the spot to check the constant raids from Egypt against Israel. There is more chance of the U.N. acting effectively, after eight years' delay, to bring about a stable Arab-Israeli peace settlement. There is recognition that it will be no gain for peace merely to restore the *status quo*. There is, too, a recognition in America that the pre-election policy of postponing Suez decisions must be changed to one of seeking them. As one American writer put it, "Among the thinking public there is an uneasy feeling, as there is in Washington, that American policy contributed materially to the Suez

crisis and to the Anglo-American rift." Yet some of the debris of the "tough" school's argument still clutters the ground. For example, there is the anachronistic theory that in some way the rift was due to France and Britain being colonial powers with a colonial mentality, while the U.S. was not a colonial power and so could approach world problems with greater morality and righteousness. These American *pronunciamentos* against colonialism are made from the midst of a colonial area, known as the District of Columbia, where some three-quarters of a million people are governed by others with no voice in their own or in national affairs.

It might be said that one of the "misunderstandings" of which Mr. Dulles spoke is the American persistence in regarding the Suez intervention as tied up in some way with colonialism and in regarding America as a non-colonial power. America has its colonial policies, too. It governs a certain number of "natives" in Okinawa and other Pacific isles for reasons of national interest. It controls a zone on either side of the Panama Canal and any threat by an outside power to that vital artery would certainly be resisted. While India and Pakistan in 1947, Ceylon and Burma in 1948, Rhodesia in 1943, and the Sudan last year, achieved full independence within the Commonwealth, not to speak of the progress made in the Caribbean Federation and Nigeria, the American territories (a nicer word than colonies) of Hawaii and Alaska were, and are still, clamouring for recognition as states of the union with the right to elect their own executive arm of government.

During the month of the "deep freeze" American officials spoke of the advantage which would accrue from the policy of America's new "declaration of independence" from the colonial powers. The Vice-President on November 2 said that the nations of Asia and Africa would no longer think that the United States, whenever it came to the final test, would "side with the policies of the British and French Governments in relation to the once colo-

nial areas." He was not even being very kind to past American policy if he thought it one of "siding with" colonialism. This would have implied American opposition to, instead of support for, British policies in Asia and Africa which have guided so many peoples to democratic self-dependence. Nor was it very penetrating to conclude that the friendship of the Afro-Asian nations was to be won by cutting the ties of friendship with Britain and France. Nixon's speech a month later (mentioned earlier) was a very different affair. The utterances of the Vice-President are always worth studying, not be-

cause of any originality of thought which they express, but because he is a kind of barometer registering the prevailing sentiment in the Administration. Current American policy is that better understanding with the Afro-Asian nations and the retention of close ties with America's traditional allies are not mutually exclusive. There is also some hope that instead of winning admiration for the way it deals with world disasters after they have occurred, the Eisenhower Administration will concentrate more in future on seeing that they do not occur.

DENYS SMITH.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor, The National and English Review*

*From Captain H. C. B. PIPON, R.N.*

SIR,

I read your "Episodes of the Month" in the December issue with interest, but I disagree with many of your conclusions. Our "invasion" of Egypt may have been a mistake . . . I do not know nor can anyone else who is not in possession of *all* the facts, and I doubt whether there are as many as a hundred people who are—but to look upon it as *morally* wrong would be impossible to anybody who took all the universally known facts into consideration.

In the first place, the present Government have always shown themselves only too ready to conciliate and appease; their first consideration has always apparently been to avoid offending anyone either at home or abroad. It seems fantastic to suppose that such a Government would embark upon a project that was bound to give offence, Right and Left, without some very strong and pressing reason. They have not thought it advisable to divulge the real reason and have felt obliged to prevaricate, but it is pretty obvious that all they did was to choose what seemed to be the lesser of two evils.

The next thing to be borne in mind is surely that Russia is continually plotting our downfall, to kill or enslave us all and

to grab all our possessions; while Nasser is clearly a tool of Russia's besides being openly and violently hostile to us and having proved himself to be utterly untrustworthy—ready to break any treaty or agreement at any moment. He would lend himself to any plot that promised his gain, without giving one thought—literally—to the loss of life and suffering it might cause.

Whatever our Government have done has been done for the purpose of preventing war and in defence of our country. They have not shown the slightest intention of seizing the land or any other possession of Egypt's, or of doing any damage or injury, or of causing any loss of life that could possibly be avoided. The end does not always justify the means, but surely their really minute military operation, for the sole purpose of preventing a vast war, was justified up to the hilt. Even if our Government *had* plotted the whole thing with Israel, as our enemies, at home and abroad, hopefully suggest, they would still have been entirely justified; for, when our enemies plot our utter destruction, we must be allowed one comparatively innocent counterplot in pure self-defence.

Yours faithfully,

H. C. B. PIPON.

*Milford House Hotel,  
Godalming.*

December 10th, 1956.

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# BOOKS NEW AND OLD

## BACK OF BEYOND \*

By ERIC GILLETT

OVER a hundred years ago Alfred Russel Wallace set out for the Malay Archipelago where he remained for eight years. Seven years after he returned to England he wrote one of the most delightful and informative of travel books, *The Malay Archipelago*, in 1869, but it was at Sarawak in 1855 that he composed one of the most important of his contributions to scientific knowledge, the essay *On the Law which has Regulated the Introduction of New Species*.

About a hundred years later Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, after an extraordinarily varied political career at home, five years as United Kingdom High Commissioner in Canada and two years as Governor-General of Malaya and British Borneo, became Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia, a post he held until 1955, when he transferred to a similar position in India. At intervals during the last ten years one had seen unconventional pictures in the papers which gave a firm impression that he was enjoying himself, but until I read his fascinating *Borneo People* I had no idea how thoroughly he had set out to get to know the local peoples in his care and how closely he had identified himself with them. *Borneo People* is a book that Wallace would have approved. What Whitehall will think of it is another matter. No governor was ever less of a stuffed shirt than Mr. MacDonald, who writes cheerfully about pagan rites and native dances in which he took part with great enthusiasm. The remote inhabitants of Sarawak seem to have been both edified and impressed by these performances, and this long and invariably interesting book is almost all about the author's travels in Sarawak, and it is illustrated by some admirable photographs taken by him.

To-day Sarawak has a population of little more than half a million. It is

remarkably diversified. As everywhere else in South-East Asia, the Chinese stand for innumerable kinds of industrial progress. Arab trading families have been there for generations and many of them have intermarried with the local people. During the last fifty years Indians and Pakistanis have arrived, though not in large numbers, and Europeans, especially British nationals, have come as administrators, business men, and missionaries:

About half of the population belongs to pagan tribes, and the rest is a mixed company. The people's skins run the whole gamut of flesh-tints from white, ivory and café-au-lait through many gradations of brown to a very dark shade. Their ways of life vary from the simplicity of primitive savagery to the complexities of twentieth-century civilization. They worship their gods, each man according to his conscience, in pagan long-houses, Moslem mosques, Hindu temples, Buddhist pagodas and Christian churches. The blending of this mixture of communities into a coherent, harmonious nation is Sarawak's principal political problem.

The beneficent reign of the White Rajahs, the Brookes, had done much for the country during 100 years of autocratic rule, and it was at the reigning Rajah's request that his territory was ceded to the

\* *Borneo People*. By Malcolm MacDonald. Cape. 32s. 6d.

*Kangchenjunga, The Untrodden Peak*. By Charles Evans. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

*Around the World in "Wanderer III."* By Eric C. Hiscock. Oxford University Press. 25s.

*The Silent Traveller in Paris*. By Chiang Yee. Methuen. 30s.

*The Good Old Days*. By Patrick Grant. Thames and Hudson. 25s.

*For Some We Loved*. By R. H. Mottram. Hutchinson. 21s.

*The Life of Laurence Oliphant*. By Philip Henderson. Hale. 21s.

*Henry James. Autobiography*. Edited by F. W. Dupee. W. H. Allen. 50s.

King in 1946, and it was then, as Governor-General, that Mr. MacDonald first saw the palace of the Brookes at Kuching, half Victorian Gothic castle and half tropical bungalow. It was because the natives were accustomed to authoritarian rule and liked it that he decided to travel to the most remote places so that the people could discuss problems with him and he could explain to them the Government's policies and listen to their comments and criticisms. Poled by Malay crews, bumping along rough tracks in a jeep, toiling up jungle paths in tropical heat, by night he slept in the long-houses of the Land Dayaks and took his bath in the local equivalent to a temple under the eyeless scrutiny of a couple of fleshless skulls.

From these parts came the celebrated head-hunters, and it seems that the lapsed practices had been revived with horrid efficiency for the benefit of the Japanese just before their wartime occupation was ended.

Soon he came to the Iban country and at Kapit he met the redoubtable Temonggong Koh, "the most important pagan in Sarawak," and his charming daughter Segura. The two are, I think rightly, the principal characters in the book, because they represent the old and the new in Sarawak. Mr. MacDonald describes at length a visit the Temonggong and his family paid him, when they were astounded by the splendours of Robinsons' store in Singapore, and a session in the beauty shop there had ill-effects for Segura because Koh and his wife felt that she was drifting away from the traditions of her race. They were Ibans of a disappearing epoch. She was an Iban of the new age. The misunderstanding between them remained.

Native ceremonies, jungle treks, evil spirits, exotic meals and drinks seem to have been accepted by the author with delight and very little surprise. He notes with pleasure that Temonggong Koh has a collection of headgear as surprising as those of Sir Winston Churchill. The *pièce de résistance* was a length of white fur, so fashioned that it appeared like the headdress of a Russian ballerina in a winter scene of a ballet.

At Tama Weng's house a drinking contest, followed by a "sedentary" period of community singing, seemed to call for strenuous action and the author introduced the party to blind man's buff. This went on so enthusiastically that when Mr. MacDonald looked at his watch he found it was six o'clock in the morning. No wonder he felt "as virtuous as I used to feel after an all-night sitting in the House of Commons."

Usually Europeans in the East express decided preference for either the Chinese or the Malays. One of the most striking features of *Borneo People* is the author's understanding of both and the appreciative treatment he gives to all the different races he meets. There is one first-rate chapter about Ong Tiang Swee and his family, who lived at Kuching. When the Japanese came, Mr. Ong smuggled into the European internment camp the parts of a wireless set and was rewarded later by a silver mug, suitably inscribed, which had pride of place in his house. There it stood among the signed photographs of Rajahs and Ranees, the family altar, the various ornaments worthy of a late-Victorian landlady's parlour, while the venerable Chinese gentleman offered hospitality which would have delighted Charles Lamb. The main item in the feast was always roast suckling pig and Mr. MacDonald discusses it with the pen of a gourmet. He gives his considered opinion that "the Chinese are the most numerous, the most changeless, the most enduring, and everything considered, the most admirable people on earth," and he wonders what the effect of Communism upon them will be.

*Borneo People* is the book of an enthusiast. I found it enthralling, principally because of the writer's tolerance and his ability to evoke some of the most primitive communities in the world and also because he has given a vivid and startling picture of the sudden impact of mid-twentieth-century civilization as it has affected them. Very few ex-members of the Treasury Bench have proved themselves as professional authors. Mr. MacDonald is one of them. In its next edition the book

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At the time of the successful Everest Expedition, Sir John Hunt wrote that "those who first climb Kangchenjunga will achieve the greatest feat in mountaineering." In 1955, the mountain was conquered by an expedition led by Mr. Charles Evans, one of Sir John's colleagues on Everest. George Band and Joe Brown climbed to within a few yards of the summit, which they left untouched at the request of the Sikkim Government. It was a notable achievement and Mr. Evans has told the story in *Kangchenjunga, the Untrodden Peak*. Mr. Evans is obviously a man of action and an excellent leader. His book keeps strictly to the work in hand. Occasionally the tremendous vistas of the Himalayas excite him to an appreciative phrase or two, but he is far more concerned with oxygen, closed and open circuits, and other technical matters. The reader is left to guess what the members of the expedition were like, and the conversation of the two men who reached the top is entirely in keeping with the rest of the book. Brown is reported to have remarked, "George, we're there," and when various people asked Band whether he was not tempted to walk the last few feet that separated them from the summit, he said that he was not. "For one thing," he continued, "I was too tired to want to take another step. But apart from that, I'm glad we left no footmark on the top."

This is in the best tradition of taciturn explorers, but the reader may feel as he scans these pages of heroic endeavour and accomplishment that the human touch would be welcome in these soaring altitudes. I believe that this book will be read by mountain climbers with very much greater appreciation than it will get from the general reader. In fact, of all the books about heroic mountaineering I have ever read this one easily earns the title of "a masterpiece of understatement." I should add that there are appendices on equipment, food, oxygen, medical care, and other matters which should be invaluable to those who have any idea of following in the steps of the expedition.

Mr. Eric C. Hiscock and his wife Susan sailed *Around the World in Wanderer III*. She is a 30-foot, 8-ton sailing yacht and her voyage took just under three years. This is believed to be the only voyage of the kind to have been made by so small a vessel, with a crew of two. Both are skilled in yachting, and Mr. Hiscock, the navigator, has illustrated the book with numerous photographs.

The discomfort of this form of transport must be extreme and when one reads that "having set the trysail, we remained hove-to under it for the next three days until the wind moderated," there is nothing to do except read on to the next hardship. The landfalls must be glorious, but I wonder if they provide adequate compensation for a large part of the journey. Mr. and Mrs. Hiscock think that they do, and he is grateful for the remarkable hospitality and kindness he met with all over the world.

Starting off with a gale in the Bay of Biscay, they encircled the world by way of the West Indies, the Panama Canal, Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, Ascension, and the Azores. They called at many other ports, met gales off Fiji and in the Indian Ocean, and troublesome calms in the Doldrums. Their voyage was accomplished strictly according to plan, and as a record of patience and endurance it would take some beating. Mr. Hiscock writes modestly and well and understates the more discouraging features of his enterprise. One understands well enough what he means when he ends his book by saying that "we were deeply conscious of the untamed might of the vast oceans and the hazards of their shoals and shores, and we were grateful to Providence for bringing us safely home."

There have been several agreeable Chinese visitors to Europe who have written their impressions with wit and tact, but none of them has been more persevering and urbane than Chiang Yee, who has twenty books in English to his credit and has earned his reputation mainly by his *Silent Traveller* series. His latest, *The Silent Traveller in Paris*, has some enchanting paintings and drawings by the author and a eulogistic foreword

from Sir William Hayter, explaining that those who read the book will find that those who thought they knew Paris will find they have missed much, and even the most famous landmarks of the French capital will never seem quite the same after they have read it.

Mr. Chiang pays what one might describe as duty calls to the night-haunts, but he is more at home with the people who work in leather and lacquer, the violin-makers and embroiderers; this gives him the chance to launch into comparisons with Chinese craftsmen. When his hostess praises him for wanting what she calls "gay Paris," he agrees with her, but silently wonders if she knows that in the West the Chinese have always been regarded as a nation of restaurateurs and laundrymen. It appears that only a few years ago the Chinese Assistant Secretary-General to U.N., who had a suite at the New Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, took himself up by the lift one evening and got out at the wrong floor. As all the doors and passages in the hotel looked alike, he tried to fit his key into someone else's door. Before he was able to discover his mistake, the door flew open and a "heartily-smiling" lady declared that he was just the person she had been waiting for, and she pointed to bundles of dirty clothes for him to take away to wash.

One of the most pleasant features of *The Silent Traveller in Paris* is the Franco-Chinese comparisons which crop up all through it. Napoleon's tomb is compared, to its disadvantage, with the simpler but more impressive burying place of a great Sung general, Yueh Fei, who, after a victorious campaign, was betrayed by a treacherous prime minister and put to death. The "bare simplicity" of this enormous place appealed to Mr. Chiang much more than the elaborate surroundings of Les Invalides did.

This is one of the best superficial books about Paris I have ever read. I do not use that epithet to disparage it. Mr. Chiang gets well below the surface of things and his illustrations are often miracles of perception, but the ideal book about Paris could only be written by a provincial who

had lived for many years in Paris. It must combine intimacy, wide knowledge and a sense of perspective. Mr. Chiang has achieved the third of these, but the first two are outside his compass through no fault of his.

*The Good Old Days*, which contains the reminiscences of Major Patrick Grant, is a book that seems to have been talked rather than written. I have read it in small instalments before going to sleep and it is an ideal book for the purpose. He must have been a horrible boy, but an engaging one. His activities included editing a domestic magazine with his first cousin, Lytton Strachey, as co-editor, and spanking an unpopular aunt who had crawled halfway into a hut. "I don't remember ever hearing how she got out or was rescued." Major Grant's stories are varied, good, mostly new. Queen Victoria laughs as she sees her grandson step into a dish of eggs and bacon at Eton. A tiger is found under the billiard table in the Raffles Hotel, Singapore. It was shot through the window by a Sikh policeman.

There are charming stories of Finland and Portugal, and big-game tales from India. The author's career has been astonishingly varied and he seems to have enjoyed almost all of it. *The Good Old Days* lives up to its title. It is ideal for casual reading.

Mr. R. H. Mottram knew John Galsworthy intimately for thirty years. He met Ada Cooper years before she married the writer, and in *For Some We Loved* he has given by far the best picture of the two that has yet been done. After surmounting great unhappiness and all kinds of difficulties, the Galsworthy marriage settled down to become an ideal literary partnership. One of the reasons for this was that Ada Galsworthy was a natural critic. She may have been responsible for her husband turning to literature as a career. She was certainly the promoter of his success. Whatever he wrote she saw and criticized. I can remember seeing him consult her about the colour of the cushions in a scene for one of his plays. He took her advice without a murmur. Opinions about the merits of Galsworthy's

work have changed a great deal since his death, but there are things that Mr. Mottram makes clear about the Galsworthys, their sincerity, their kindness, and the advanced ideas of liberal humanism that enabled Galsworthy to write the most important of his plays.

It is a curious thing about Galsworthy's reputation since his death that, although it has diminished considerably in literary circles, an enormous number of people have been delighted by the broadcast versions of the novels. *The Silver Box*, *Strife* and *Justice* served their purpose and provided something for thinking people to get their teeth into when they first appeared. They were dramatic tracts for the times and they served their purpose admirably. No one knows what posterity will think about them, but anyone who wants to know what kind of man Galsworthy was will have to read Mr. Mottram's book because, although it is written by one who is frankly an admirer and a close friend, it also assembles much evidence which has never been available before. Galsworthy was reserved and never hunted for publicity. Mr. Mottram never quite breaks through that reserve, but he makes it clear that he is writing about a man who was as fair as he could be and who felt other people's troubles as if they were his own, "personally, like a toothache, particularly any sort of imprisonment." It was Chesterton who said, "What seems to me a great question seems to Mr. Galsworthy a great pain!" It was this compassion which animated all that Galsworthy wrote. To some present-day readers it may seem now to be a form of sentimentalism, but at the time he was at work before the First World War it was a necessity.

One of the strangest nineteenth-century Englishmen is the subject of Mr. Philip Henderson's biography, *The Life of Laurence Oliphant*.

His father was Sir Anthony Oliphant, Chief Justice of Ceylon, and his cousin, Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, was a prodigy of industry who turned out 125 books, most of them three-volume novels. Laurence had an insatiable curiosity

about people. He wanted to know what was going on in the Crimea, so he went there. He was in India at the time of the Mutiny, in Italy with Garibaldi, in China as Lord Elgin's private secretary, and nearly managed to get himself killed in the attack on the British Embassy at Yeddo, Japan. He served as *The Times* correspondent in the Crimean and Franco-Prussian Wars. He produced travel books on India, Russia, America and Palestine. His novel, *Piccadilly*, was compared with the novels of Thackeray.

When Oliphant was thirty-six he joined an extraordinary religious community in the States and served two years with them as a farm labourer. It was a form of probation. In due course he found out that they were not what he believed them to be and went off to live in Palestine, where he became one of the first enthusiasts for Zionism. Here, with the help of his wife, he indulged in more peculiar missionary work, and it is strange to read that he stayed with the Prince of Wales for a month at Abergeldie, and while there, dined at Balmoral and "initiated the Queen (to some extent) into the mysteries of sympneumata." Mr. Henderson does not mention the Royal impressions, but the Queen can hardly have been pleased when, a year or two later, Oliphant roused the attention of the National Vigilance Association, a body which specialized in such matters as the suppression of "indecent Neapolitan matchboxes" and "obscene photographs."

Oliphant died in 1888 and there can be very few people who read his books now. Even his readable *Journey to Khatmandu* is forgotten. It is Mr. Henderson's opinion that Oliphant would have achieved much if his personality had been integrated, to use an expression fashionable at the moment. The fact is that he was alternately attracted and repelled by the world. He sought sainthood and did not know how to set about it. Mr. Henderson has brought to life a personality worthy of attention.

Henry James wrote his autobiographical books towards the end of his life, and three of these detailed, meticulous works

have been reprinted in a large, well-printed volume, with an introduction by Mr. Frederick W. Dupee. It was H. G. Wells who called the James of the later period the "Old Pretender," and it is true that the writing in the *Autobiography* is often involved and the abstract nouns are sometimes thick on the pages. There is that odd mixture of the colloquial and the pompous in which James specialized at the time.

James called the last, unfinished portion of this volume, "The Middle Years," a "meandering record," and the critical will probably feel that "A Small Boy and Others" and "Notes of a Son and a Brother" which complete it are equally discursive. James was a member of a most distinguished American family. He was old enough to have known Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Tennyson. His account of them is among the best things in a well-stored book.

ERIC GILLETT.

### NAZI ELITE

GERARD REITLINGER: *THE S.S.: ALIBI OF A NATION, 1922-1945.* Heinemann. 35s.

IT is only twelve years since the Jews of Hungary were being deported and murdered at the rate of 6,000 a day and since the inhabitants of Warsaw were massacred by the Germans, within the range of those same Russian guns which have recently been destroying Budapest. Mr. Reitlinger's book has a grim timeliness in that it reminds us how continuous and how intense the horror and suffering in Europe, especially in Eastern Europe; have been. It is a disagreeable book to read. The story it tells is one of unrelieved treachery, intrigue and evil. It is often difficult to follow, and it is written in a style which is pedestrian, and sometimes even flippant in tone, lit occasionally by lurid flashes of justified bitterness and indignation.

"The plain question, 'What was the S.S.?' cannot be plainly answered," Mr. Reitlinger concludes. Was it a revolutionary *élite* with a mission to rid Europe

of Bolshevism? Or was it just a private army of thugs and adventurers? Does a study of it throw light on the anatomy of totalitarian government, or simply on the psychopathology of the Third Reich? Mr. Reitlinger provides the material to answer some of these questions. The book contains an immense amount of information about the personalities of the Third Reich, and provides the fullest account yet given of certain episodes in its history, such as the liquidation of the S.A. leaders on June 30, 1934. Yet the very fact that by the end of the war the S.S. had become a body which controlled the police and considerable sections of the armed forces, organized the liquidation of the Jews, and ran the concentration camps—to say nothing of Himmler's Nordic stud farms or mineral water factories—makes it very hard to write its story coherently. As a result, this book seems to be several things at once. It is, in a sense, a biography of Himmler, the *Reichsführer S.S.* and curiously unromantic leader of a corps allegedly vowed to loyalty to the death. But it is also a history of the Third Reich, and therefore goes over much of the ground already covered admirably, and with more literary skill, by such writers as Mr. Alan Bullock and Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, though occasionally differing in details. Again, and this is its most grisly and most telling aspect (complete with photographs), it is a record of the atrocities committed by the S.S.; but here, too, it overlaps with much of what Mr. Reitlinger has already exposed in his own earlier book, *The Final Solution*.

This uncertainty about the scope of the book is inherent in the subject, and there is something of the same uncertainty about the main general point which Mr. Reitlinger is setting out to make. His subtitle suggests that the Germans to-day are wrong if they attribute the horrors in which they too had a share solely to the S.S.; yet his book shows that most of the things for which the Germans have been most hated were in fact the work of the S.S.; and he stresses the fact that, by the end, the *Waffen S.S.* was largely made up of foreign recruits. Mr. Reitlinger does

## NAZI ELITE

not really expose the "alibi" of the German nation, any more than he throws much new light on the nature of the Nazi regime. The really terrifying thing that comes out of all his patiently compiled facts is that it should have been possible for the whole vast undertaking to exist at all. Although there are ex-S.S. men now at large in Germany, and even, so it seems, eligible to join the new German Army, who claim that they were the only true idealists in the Nazi regime, and the leaders of a genuinely European movement against Bolshevism, and although individual S.S. commanders and men showed courage and even loyalty to each other, the whole apparatus achieved nothing except destruction. Its leader, Himmler, systematically established control over more and more sections of German life, blindly providing Hitler with the machinery of terror without apparently wanting anything except power for himself, and, perhaps, the opportunity of putting into practice on the largest scale his cranky ideas about diet or eugenics. What is alarming about the whole story is the ease with which the personal intrigues within the Nazi leadership, the desire to create private empires and private armies, could lead to the unchecked horror of the last months of the war. Moreover, as when reading Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper's *Last Days of Hitler*, one is struck again by the enormous waste and inefficiency of the Nazi system, and is led on to wonder whether the intrigues and cabals, the extravagance and muddle, the suspicions and vendettas are an integral part of all dictatorships; and whether the atmosphere of Moscow to-day is as corrupt as the atmosphere of Berlin and Berchtesgaden under the Third Reich. Do all revolutions come to this? And does a people, once it has been hoodwinked sufficiently by its leaders to give up its right and power to criticize, inevitably end by becoming the accomplice of evil? Or was the Nazi State and its attendant horrors a peculiarly German phenomenon? Mr. Reitlinger raises such questions, even if he does not answer them.

JAMES JOLL.

## TEDIOUS TRAITOR

GUY BURGESS: A PORTRAIT WITH BACKGROUND. By Tom Driberg. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*. 12s. 6d.

THE Great Scoop turns out to be the Great Flop. One could forgive Mr. Driberg his attempt to whitewash a man for whom he obviously has a great deal of sympathy; one could even forgive him for turning a book obviously intended to appeal to the public's taste for scandal into a Marxist tract. What one cannot forgive is the fact that the book is a thundering bore.

The Burgess depicted here is not the sinister figure of the *Daily Express* imagination, still less the towering patriot that Mr. Driberg wants us to believe in. Rather is he a kind of overgrown Boy Scout, shambling round trying to do his good turn a day and invariably fluffing it. Not that the author fails to do his best; an hilarious account of a pre-War visit to Chartwell, coupled with the photostat of a completely trivial letter from Sir Anthony Eden, are there to convince us that his hero moved in the Highest Circles. A bad cartoon of Mr. Ernest Bevin shows his devotion to the Fine Arts. Financial adviser to the Rothschilds, who apparently did not take his advice; talks director at the B.B.C.; a rather haphazard period in a very haphazard department of the Secret Service; and a period in the Foreign Office, mostly spent as *fidus Achates* to Mr. Hector McNeil—all this adds up to little more than the light-hearted life of an incurable Romantic. To Mr. Driberg, however, it is heroism.

The heroism reaches its height when Burgess resigns from the public service after Munich, and the action is compared with that of Mr. Con O'Neil, who left the British Embassy in Berlin in disgust at that time. But alas for Mr. Driberg, even his own book makes it clear that Burgess left the B.B.C. not in protest at Munich, but because of the enticement of a job in the Secret Service. He only resigned from the B.B.C. because the B.B.C. refused to second him to the Secret Service. It was much the same sort of



gesture as his waving good-bye to his friends going off to fight in the International Brigade, while prudently remaining at home himself. His naivety was such that he seriously believed, apparently, that Donald Maclean was being watched by the police because of some indiscreet remarks in his office, and his devotion to the cause of Socialism was so great that having arrived in Prague—complete with Jane Austen in one volume—he very nearly went off on an Italian holiday with Mr. Auden, rather than going on to Moscow.

But whether the book reveals a political nitwit or a political hero—this would seem to be a matter of complete indifference to Mr. Driberg. Basically, it is not about Guy Burgess at all; he is merely a convenient peg on which to hang Mr. Driberg's own political views, and to this end a most remarkable picture of our times is presented. The Cold War is started by Churchill and Bevin; Dzerzhinsky, Russia's first terrorist police chief, becomes, almost incredibly, a "Polish country squire and humanist"; and the old, old Stalinist story is retold once again. No attempt to create prejudice is missed; for instance, a totally unnecessary footnote informs us that General Willoughby, General MacArthur's Chief of Intelligence, was in fact a naturalized German called Tschepppe-Weidenbach. It is the only explanatory footnote about any character in the book, and General Willoughby himself could hardly be said to have had much to do with Guy Burgess, whom he had never met.

But then so little of this book is really concerned with Burgess. Having lived a perfectly futile life in the West, he now appears to be living an equally futile one in Moscow. And the world is not much changed by it.

PETER KIRK.

#### MANY-SPLENDoured THING

SPECTRUM: A SPECTATOR MISCELLANY.

Edited by Ian Gilmour and Iain Hamilton. Longmans. 16s.

SINCE Mr. Ian Gilmour took over the *Spectator* about two years ago the paper has experienced what Messrs. Long-

mans quite fairly describe as a "renaissance." To prove their point they have given us a volume of excerpts, in which the range and vitality of the new *Spectator* are splendidly exhibited. For those who already read the paper week by week this book will be an agreeable reminder of pleasures past; for those who do not it should be a revelation, and a stimulus to read it more often in the future.

How has this change come about? Why has a paper which was becoming elderly, cautious and dull suddenly become youthful, irreverent and entertaining? The fact that Mr. Gilmour is himself a young man, to whom the other two adjectives can also be applied, is only incidental. More to the purpose is that he acquired the *Spectator* not as an investment, but because he had a deep interest in public affairs and a natural eye for journalism. Soon after acquiring it he decided to be its working editor, and this was the crucial decision. Not for him the ambiguous role of editor-in-chief assumed by some proprietors, the corollary of which is that the so-called editor is only a glorified flunkey, liable to be instructed or overruled by a capricious master. Mr. Gilmour runs and edits his paper in detail, and it therefore bears the impress of a single, definite personality.

Of course, he would be the first to acknowledge the help he has received from his more truly professional colleagues, among whom Mr. Iain Hamilton has been outstanding. But no one could doubt that the *Spectator* is now essentially the product of an enlightened amateur. He is not put off by the very serious obstacles which confront him—the hostility of conventional people who find his principles alarming, and the disapproval of those who quite wrongly interpret his light touch as evidence of a frivolous mind. While he cherishes the traditional independence of his paper, in the sense that he refuses to commit it indiscriminately to any one party, he does not believe in a policy of neutralism and his colours are those of a right-wing radical—the best colours for this or any other country. Tories may be cursing him now, but they

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## Novels

THE LAST RESORT. Pamela Hansford Johnson. *Macmillan*. 15s.

THE STRANGE ENCHANTMENT. Geoffrey Cotterell. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 18s.

THE PIKE IN THE REEDS. James Kinross. *Murray*. 16s.

THE VALLEY, THE CITY, THE VILLAGE. Glyn Jones. *Dent*. 15s.

IMAGE OF A SOCIETY. Roy Fuller. *Deutsch*. 13s. 6d.

MADAME SOLARIO. Anonymous. *Heinemann*. 16s.

DEAD MAN'S FOLLY. Agatha Christie. *Collins*. 12s. 6d.

MR. ARKADIN. Orson Welles. *Allen*. 12s. 6d.

THE theme of *The Last Resort* is subjective. Thanks to the clarity and fecundity of Pamela Hansford Johnson's imagination and style, its characters and their moods and qualities become as plausible as interesting. Its story? A grass-widow novelist relates how she met again in a small seaside hotel a remarkable young woman with whom she and her husband had some previous acquaintance. We see this Celia's generosity, her constricted family life, her love affair with Aveling and its inhibitions. Then Aveling's invalid wife dies, and the romance perishes. Through her torments Celia reaches a strange decision which she believes will save something from her disasters. Essentially this is Celia's story, but side by side with it moves the development of her friendship with the narrator. All in all this is an absorbing study of, in the main, non-masculine psychology.

Geoffrey Cotterell, much more objective, is a storyteller who can convey the "feel" of a scene distant in space or time as well as presenting his creatures in the round. These qualities are to be enjoyed at their best in *The Strange Enchantment*. Its

first part is set in England before World War I, and is chiefly concerned with the two daughters of a prospering industrialist and with the promise which one of them, Isabel, shows of a dazzling career as a pianist. But the father's death alters everything, and so we meet the spell whereby the less-gifted Sarah fares well enough, but for Isabel things always go wrong. Her troubles culminate after the war in her German marriage. And so to the second part—and the book's weakness. We now watch events from the standpoint not of Isabel but of Sarah's son, David, gone to Berlin as a student. True, he sees enough of his aunt's home to realize (what has not been known in England) how wrong it has all gone. But our attention is focused on David's concerns and their Nazi background. This is vividly drawn, with the result that at the final switch back to Isabel's ultimate triumph, or tragedy, we can scarcely help feeling that we have reached it *via* a very long digression.

James Kinross's theme is the German character during and after World War II. First he shows how a young British officer, taken prisoner in Crete, is, after a bad start and thanks to an older officer who all too soon vanishes from the story, so generously treated that he believes nothing but the best of his captors. The time comes when he is in Germany with the Occupation forces—and in due course what we now seem to be shown as the true German character (that is, *The Pike in the Reeds*) swoops upon his credulity. That this is going to happen is probable enough from the moment of Brian's return to Germany, and becomes a certainty when he meets again the nurse whom he forlornly loved in his prison days; the nurse and her sinister "brother." All this makes a good enough book if you are content to have little but black and white with no shades between, if you can accept generalizations about national character, and if you overlook occasional lapses of grammar.

Glyn Jones writes with a poet's fervour and a Welshman's gusto (and a Welsh poet's vocabulary), but many English readers are likely to decide that for the

## Novels

most part *The Valley, The City, The Village* is also the Welsh mixture as before; those coalmining beginnings, those avuncular-cum-grandmotherly upbringings, the growing sophistication and erotic impulses, the struggles of the artist-to-be against the educational curriculum. In the Glyn Jones "autobiography" of Trystan Edwards, however, all this serves chiefly as a reason for introducing a splendid torrent of Welsh characters and anecdotes, now tender, now mocking, which culminate in Trystan's rather precious imaginings on his last vacation with his friends and on the threshold of his career as a painter.

A Building Society in an uninspiring Lancashire town is the setting of Roy Fuller's novel with the double-edged title *Image of a Society*: the setting or the principal character? The Society or its upper stratum is at least as important an element as the individual stories which the book tells. Thus there are, on the one hand the manœuvres for the succession to the general managership, with the depressing pictures of the Board and the candidates; and on the other the romance, so to call it, of one candidate's wife and the parent-ridden tame solicitor. Each facet is interesting, though neither is very edifying (and it is hard to accept the Society as one of much importance). The book is most readable, but because the two themes are given equal value the reader may be distracted between them.

I do not know how realistic is the picture in *Madame Solario* of Cadenabbia as an international resort and playground in 1906, but certainly this novel captures the manner in which a daring author of that day might have described the scene and the society. But are we meant to regard the book as pastiche? Even if we do, we need something more solid in the way of crux and *dénouement* than it seems to offer. Beautiful lady with equivocal past; very young adoring Englishman; good-for-nothing and possessive brother; boorish, infatuated Russian: these plus a putative scandal are the whalebones of the book. Or is there something more? The anonymous author writes with an air which suggests that the reader must lack sensi-

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# NELSON

bility or sense if he discovers little more than a rather ridiculous mouse.

Quite a time ago, I recall, I reviewed Agatha Christie's fiftieth book; and now here she is in *Dead Man's Folly*, still her inventive and ingenious self, presenting (within the playful convention of the English detective novel) settings and characters that almost disguise the improbability of her jolly plot ("murder game" at a village fete that turns out to be no game at all). I need scarcely add that Poirot, though confessedly not so young as he was, pulls it off once again. How different is this tranquil triple murder in Devonshire from Orson Welles's third-mannish thriller in which a personable young scoundrel is curiously commissioned by Mr. Arkadin, the world's richest man, to elucidate Mr. A's past and in the process forms a romantic attachment with Mr. A's daughter. Full of crime and coincidence and spade-a-spade realism, the account of the search, with its end as

violent as its excellent beginning, is a background lurid enough rather to spoil the effect of the thrills: the reverse of the Christie formula, whereby mayhem is decorously silhouetted against placidity. Still, *Mr. Arkadin* is a promising first effort; let us hope it will have successors.

MILWARD KENNEDY.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

NAPLES was one of the highlights of the Grand Tour during the 18th century, and Mr. Harold Acton hit upon a happy idea when he set out to write *The Bourbons of Naples* (Methuen, 50s.), which depicts the dynasty as they appeared to their contemporaries between the years 1734 and 1825. It is a lively and delightful book full of good stories and vivid character sketches.

\* \* \*

*The Rolling Road* (Hutchinson, 30s.) is L. A. G. Strong's attempt to "describe in general outline the development of passenger road transport in Britain from the earliest times to 1948." The author has made a conscientious study of a vast and rather intractable subject.

\* \* \*

Among the large number of books, critical and biographical, about D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Graham Hough's *The Dark Sun* (Duckworth, 25s.) will take a high place as a thoughtful, sane appreciation of this much-discussed writer's work.

\* \* \*

The remarkable versatility of Mr. Robert Graves is shown in *Catacrok* (Cassell, 15s.), a collection of short pieces, mostly humorous, but there is also a strange, gruesome true story, "The Whitaker Negroes." A witty, unconventional book.

\* \* \*

There might have been a more accurate title for Mr. Christopher Hassall's anthology than *The Prose of Rupert Brooke* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 15s.), which is a short collection of travel and critical writings, vigorous and lively. Mr. Hassall

## AS I SEE INDIA

BY  
ROBERT TRUMBULL



This book, says John Masters, famous author of *Bhowani Junction* and *Bugles and a Tiger*, whose family was long resident in India, 'is perhaps the most objective and least accented report we have had from India since the country gained her independence. Anyone interested in India should read it, and think.' 256 pp. 21/- net.

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on Jan. 24th by  
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### Books in Brief

contributes a useful, informative introduction.

\* \* \*

An abridged version of a German biography by Jean Pierhal has just been published as *Albert Schweitzer: The Life of a Great Man* (Lutterworth, 15s.). Its value is factual rather than interpretative, and it is fair to say that more revealing accounts of Schweitzer have already appeared elsewhere.

\* \* \*

The value of Miss Mary Rowlett's *A Family in Egypt* (Hale, 18s.) lies in the fact that her family worked in the country for five generations and she has spent much of her life there. With some good illustrations, she describes people and places as she knows them. Her book is not ambitious, but it is readable and well-observed.

\* \* \*

In *Beyond the High Savannas* (Longmans, 18s.) Mr. James Wickenden tells the true story of a friend, who wishes to remain anonymous, in the mountain district where Brazil, Venezuela, and British Guiana meet. This young South American went in search of diamonds and for five years he lived with the Patamona tribe. A fascinating account of a strange people.

\* \* \*

One of the most unusual and readable of the innumerable war books, Mr. Gerald Pawle's *The Secret War* (Harrap, 18s.) describes the activities of the Department of Miscellaneous Weapon Development in the Admiralty. Nicknamed "Wheezers and Dodgers," scientists and others produced, among other inventions, rocket weapons, and a minefield that could be sown in the sky. A most amusing and exciting book.

\* \* \*

It has been said that if you want to know Provence you must know something about the work of its representative poet. Richard Aldington's *Introduction to Mistral* (Heinemann, 25s.) is not a full biography, but it gives a good idea of a remarkable man and his work, with numerous translations of the verse and prose.

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\* \* \*

The fierce inspiration which once animated Mr. Siegfried Sassoon will not be found in his latest book of poems, *Sequences* (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.), but there is fine and sensitive work here which is recommended to admirers of the poet's verse.

E. G.

## Art

### BRITISH PORTRAITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

WINTER EXHIBITION, 1956-57

(Closes March 3rd)

THE personality of the subject in a portrait can be invincibly armoured by the artist against our enquiry, or it can be laid almost bare. It can be protected by convention, guarded by allegory, or specifically revealed. These possibilities for portraiture, beyond the basic require-



KNELLER: *Matthew Prior*.

## Crestwood Heights

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'Crestwood Heights' is a pseudonym for a well-to-do residential suburb of a large Canadian city. This book is a study, by a team of highly-trained social scientists, of how Crestwood Heights' residents live, raise and educate their children and compete socially and economically. In importance it will rank with R. and H. M. Lund's *Middletown* and its sequel, *Middletown in Transition*.

50s.

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ment of striking a likeness, as this exhibition demonstrates so amply, can be combined in any degree. Only the first alternatives may not be taken with too crude a liberalness. *Madam Gwynn's picture naked, with a Cupid*, if indeed the picture now on loan at Burlington House can surely be identified with the one painted by Lely for Charles II, opens to us little of the personality which must have been hers. Propped on a bank of pillows, this nude is type-cast by her setting, the Venus of a provincial Titian, neither a star of the London stage, nor a reigning mistress. A more convincing queen of the King's heart is the Lely of the *Duchess of Cleveland* enthroned in a cataract of silks. There the erotic symbolism which feeds the physical presence tells more strongly for being restricted, in the overt sense, to the statuary of the Diana fountain behind her and to the single gesture of her right arm to her bosom with a flower. But the extreme contrast is pointed by a suit of Greenwich armour made for Henry VIII about 1535, which gives us immeasurably more than the tailor's measure of the man alive; not only corpulence but bulk.



SUTHERLAND : Hon. Edward Sackville-West.

From the construction of such a masterpiece in steel, the ingenuities of its cut and joints, and the gleaming affront of its plates, we receive a resounding impact of Henry's whole complex being in middle age.

Conventions in portraiture sustain modest talents and delight us in great ones. Poetical youths recline in glades, whether displayed by Nicholas Hilliard or Arthur Hughes. Children are anxious to begin their tea; and this observation animates alike Zoffany's *Willoughby de Broke Family* and Orpen's *Bloomsbury Family*. Martial men look gallant in uniform. This gives to Gainsborough his

chance to show off handsome *Lord Howe*, and to that uncommonly inventive Sir William Nicholson the chance to deploy brilliant colours and reflections in his double portrait of the Fitzgerald brothers. A kind of immortality can be conferred on a man by association with what is antique, noble and Roman; not only in the explicit fashion, say, of a marble bust by Rysbrack, but in a full-length portrait in contemporary dress painted by Thomas Phillips, where the stance of *Beriah Botfield* in an English park makes his cloak a toga and his deportment Ciceronian. The 19th century is rife with fancy portraits in costume. *Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort* go dressed for the Court of Charles II to a ball at Buckingham Palace in 1851. At a fancy-dress ball six years earlier, in the Casa Teroni, Watts picked up the armour discarded by a guest, and offered a vision of himself as an early 17th-century captain. Eastlake presented Mrs. Bellen-den Ker "as an Italian contadina, with a

## The Early Churchills A. L. ROWSE

SIR ARTHUR BRYANT in *The Sunday Times*. "This is an enchanting book. It could only have been written by a great historian—for its foundations rest on fine scholarship—yet it is the work of an historian in undress, a friendly, gay, intimate book . . . it deserves to be the literary Christmas present of the year."

ROGER FULFORD in *The Observer*. "Students of the past, and indeed all who enjoy reading an excellent book can only be grateful to Mr. Rowse for acquitting himself with infinite grace and distinction . . . a splendid book."

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basket of grapes." The Restoration penchant for transvesticism is exemplified by the Cooper miniatures of *Margaret Lemon* and of the *Duchess of Richmond*; and that tradition continues in Phillips's *Lady Caroline Lamb*. The more ordinary British love of making dressing up memorable appears delightfully impromptu in Nicholson's *Ursula Lutyens in a Busby*, and at its most self-conscious in the air of elegance and breeding imparted to young men by their "Van Dyck Dress" in the portraits of Reynolds and Romney, Cosway and Batoni.

From a revaluation of the past 100 years, Orpen's *Homage to Manet* emerges as the most brilliant group portrait of the exhibition, and Furse's *Lady Henderson*, fortunately left as a blue shimmer as one of the most sensitive portraits by an artist too much forgotten. Public estimation of our leading portraitists of the 17th and 18th centuries can hardly be revolutionized by the exhibition. Nevertheless, we may be especially grateful to have of Van Dyck, besides the late *Strafford*, the *3rd Earl of Devonshire* which, if cleaned, would stand revealed as one of his finest male portraits done in England; to have of Reynolds the noble *Rodney*; and of Gainsborough, though it is hung shamefully in a corner, his grandest essay in state portraiture, the gorgeous *Argyll*.

The peer, if not the lord, of these masterpieces, known hitherto only to those familiar with the Wine Room at Trinity College, Cambridge, is the *Matthew Prior* (see illustration), whose exhibition can only raise the general notion of Kneller as a master, this being his greatest achievement. The sense of spiritual distance that Prior's high-strung, unencumbered pose commands from us is only heightened by the apparent informality of his wearing no wig. Besides this *tour de force* we set here a very recent work of scarcely less distinction, the intense figure no less superbly placed within its measured space, the handling of paint no less free, the character no less penetrated and asserted in the whole attitude—Mr. Sutherland's portrait of the *Hon. Edward Sackville-West*.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

## Finance

By LOMBARDO

### The Canal and Europe

WHATEVER view one may take about the Anglo-French intervention in the Arab-Jew War—and opposite views have been both sincerely and fiercely held—the result of the disruption of oil supplies from the Middle East is beyond dispute and the supremely adverse effect on Western Europe is only just becoming apparent to those who have not hitherto given the economic consequences of disruption much thought. Now that the Americans are showing signs of a change of policy over the Canal problem, it may not be inopportune to recapitulate some of the essential facts of the economic reliance of Western Europe on Middle East oil.

There are two sides to the problem: one, the quantity of oil which Western Europe had planned to bring from the Middle East fields; the second, the transport of that tonnage by the various means available. In 1955 just over 90 million metric tons of oil were imported from the Middle East to Europe; over 60 per cent. of that came through the Canal. The growth of demand has been substantial, and it has been calculated that the 1955 figure would rise to 153 million tons by 1960 and would more than double by 1975. Any disruption of the oil wells, the pipelines, or the flow through the Suez Canal could obviously threaten strangulation of West Europe's economy.

### Tanker Tonnage

The second problem was one which was apparent to the experts before Nasser seized the Canal; it was the problem of transporting the steadily increasing tonnage from the wells to Europe. It was thought that the limit of the Canal's capacity for dealing with the great increases would be reached by 1965, and the Suez Canal Company therefore had plans to widen and deepen the waterway to take tankers up to 45,000 tons, and were considering the provision of a new lane capable of taking super-tankers (60,000 tons) fully laden on the northward journey.

The closure of the Canal has demonstrated with painful clarity the stranglehold which anti-Western interests could have exerted once Nasser had seized the Canal, and national rather than international control could be exercised. It has been stated that there are not at this moment (while the Canal is closed) sufficient tankers in the whole world to move all Western Europe's oil requirements.

#### Shipbuilding Programme

The problem of meeting Europe's oil consumption in the 1960s, if the Suez Canal is set aside as an unreliable waterway, thus involves an assessment of the building capacity of the maritime nations. Berths are full of orders for liners and dry cargo tonnage as well as tankers, and if a reorganization in favour of super-tankers is made there would be comparatively few berths of adequate size available.

The market in shipping shares has been strong and in one or two cases prices have soared. London and Overseas Freighters, for example, have risen from well below £4 to over £8 in the past year, most of the rise having taken place since they formed a Bermudan subsidiary. The shares of the subsidiary were recently introduced to the market at around 10/6 and rapidly climbed to 25/- on speculative buying, which is not due for settlement until early January.

#### Safeguarding the Pound

The Chancellor of the Exchequer announced steps to maintain the position of sterling. Application was made to the International Monetary Fund to draw on our available dollars up to the full amount of our quota of \$1,300 million, beginning with an immediate drawing of \$561,470,000, which will become part of the gold and dollar reserves. This step acted as a tonic to sterling and the stock markets reacted accordingly. Fears of devaluation receded and the American and Canadian dollar premium slid rapidly down. Investors who had been waiting for a decline in the prices of dollar securities began to buy and Canadian issues hardened before the Christmas holidays. The tone of markets in general was better than for many weeks past.

## Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

#### Orchestral

AN admirable performance and recording of Glazunov's ballet, *The Seasons*, by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Albert Wolff, made me recall the superb dancing of Pavlova and Mordkin in the *Bacchanal* at the Palace Theatre, years ago, which became the rage of London. The beautifully-scored music is full of enchanting melodies from start to finish (Decca LXT5240).

Bartók's *Second Suite* for orchestra, composed in 1905, was revised by the composer in 1943, but remains essentially an early work, with the influence of Richard Strauss plainly discernible in the music and mixing somewhat uneasily with the composer's then newly-found interest in Magyar peasant music. This is, however, exciting and easily assimilable music and it receives an excellent performance, well recorded,



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## THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

by Antal Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Mercury MRL250).

As an ardent Handelian I welcome a complete recording (the whole twenty or so numbers) of the *Water Music*, played by the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra, with Ralph Downes (harpsichord) and Christopher Taylor (recorder), conducted by Sir Adrian Boult (Nixa NCL16017), but it is, I realize, a rather prolonged party on dry land. The performance is good, but would have benefited from more light and shade; there is an occasional suggestion of plodding. It is now established that Haydn did not write the *Toy Symphony*; the three familiar movements are almost certainly part of a seven movement suite by Leopold Mozart. This news, however, has not reached Vox or the Pro Musica Chamber Orchestra, who give us, on PL9780, the three movements formerly attributed to Haydn, adding Mozart's delightful *A Musical Joke* (K522), and his *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*. This, Haydn or not, all adds up to a most delightful disc, well performed and recorded.

Francescatti gives us the best performance to date of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, and one of the Tchaikovsky that can be favourably compared with that of Oistrakh (DGM18196). He is well accompanied by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mitropoulos and the recording is excellent (Philips ABL3159).

It is very interesting to hear what the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra do with Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony (conducted by Kurt Sanderling; D.G.G. DGM18332) and Fifth Symphony (conducted by Eugene Mravinsky; DGM18333). Both performances are very good and show interesting divergencies from the interpretations we are accustomed to, less romantic and less hectic at times, more exciting at others. The performance of the Fifth Symphony surpasses its competitors, I think, and what a wonderful brass section the orchestra has. Both recordings are excellent but it is a pity that the solo horn, in the E minor, is so spot-lit in the slow movement.

*Also recommended.* An enchanting and wholly individual performance, finely re-

corded, of the *Casse Noisette Suite*, by Sir Thomas Beecham and the R.P.O. (Philips SBR6213). Mozart's *Divertimento in D* (K251) and Schubert's *Five Minuets* (D90), Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, (K542) conducted by Karl Münchinger (Decca LXT5177). Entirely delightful.

### *Chamber Music*

Mozart's E major Piano Trio (K542) is one of his masterpieces, full of the finest workmanship and with a slow movement which Einstein describes "as pastoral and full of poetry as a painting by Watteau." The Trio di Trieste play this wonderful work beautifully and no less so Beethoven's D Major Trio, Op. 74, which has been nicknamed "ghostly" by the Germans owing to the remarkable character of the slow movement. Beethoven noted this in his sketchbook on the same page as a projected opera about Macbeth, and so the three "weird sisters" may perhaps be depicted in the movement (Decca LXT 5253). Brahms's two sonatas for clarinet and piano (F minor, E flat major) are played with great beauty of tone and fine musicianship by Antoine de Bavier, well accompanied by Andrzej Wasowski. Balance and recording are first rate (D.G.G. DGM18227).

### *Instrumental*

Zara Nelsova is nowhere defeated by the formidable technical difficulties of Kodály's Sonata for Unaccompanied Cello and manages also to give a most musical performance. She also plays on this disc (Decca LXT5252) a pleasant suite by Reger (Op. 131c) and the two Bourrées from Bach's Third Suite in G Major. A very fine record.

*Also recommended.* All of Brahms's small output of organ music (including, of course, the beautiful *Eleven Choral Preludes*) and Reubke's tremendous *Sonata on Psalm 34*, all of which are admirably played by Arnold Richardson on the organ of the Royal Festival Hall and very well recorded (Argo RG71 and 72).

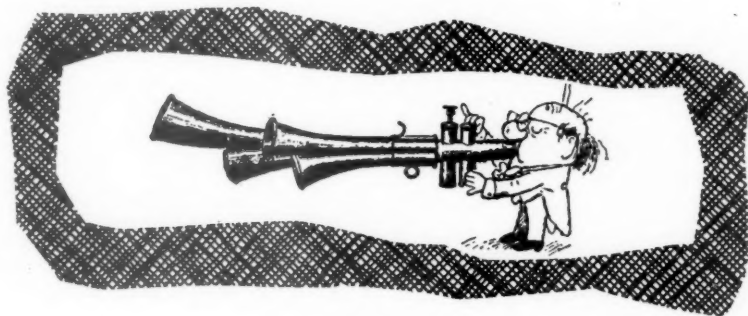
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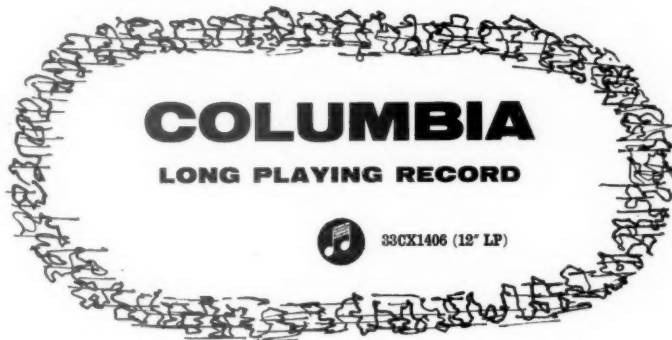
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Records

in 1951, by Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra with Nelli, Barbieri, di Stefano, Siepbieri, and the Robert Shaw Choral. These discs need a first-class reproducer to get the best out of them, but even with one less good will make a tremendous effect. Solo and Chorus singing are very good and the clarity of the orchestral detail is remarkable (H.M.V. ALP1380-1).

Also recommended. Gregorian chants. *Masses of Midnight and Christmas Day*, sung by the Solesmes Monks Choir—one of their best recordings (Decca LXT5251). Flagstad at her finest in Wagner's *Wesendoncklieder*, beautifully accompanied by Hans Knappertsbusch and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, and with excerpts from *Lohengrin*, *Walküre*, and *Parsifal* on the reverse; these are more variable performances (Decca LXT5249).

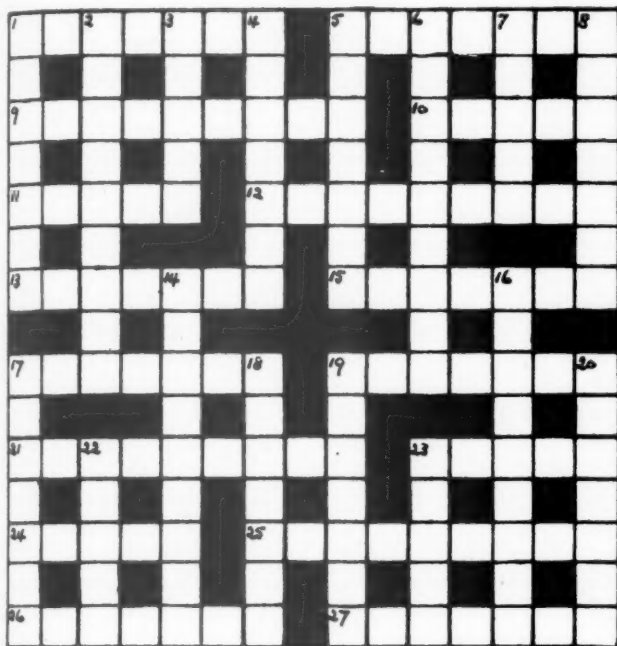
Opera

Massenet's *Manon*, with Los Angeles, Legaz, Dens, Opera Comique Chorus and Orchestra, conductor Monteux. Los Angeles sings beautifully, but is never quite in character; she adds no *sauce piquante* to her interpretation. Legaz turns in a first-class performance as Des Grieux and everyone else does well. Monteux gives an affectionate account of the charming score and the recording is excellent (H.M.V. ALP1394-7). On points the new *Aida* (H.M.V. ALP1388-90 seems to me the best of the three now available. Milanov as Aida is, needless to say, less compelling than Callas, or even perhaps than Tebaldi, but in consistently beautiful quality, save weaknesses apart, her singing surpasses that of the other two. Barbieri is a splendid Amnesis and Björling a stylish if insufficiently heroic Radames. Leonard Warren's Amonasro is adequate and Christoff is, of course, very effective as Ramphis.

Jonel Perlea, with the Rome Opera House Chorus and Orchestra, gives a good account of the wonderful score and the recording is by far the best of the three versions (H.M.V. ALP1388-90)

ALEC ROBERTSON.

# NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 5



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on January 11th. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to Notional and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

Last month's winner is: Mrs. E. M. Street, Grove Hotel, Grove Road, Bournemouth.

## CLUES

### ACROSS

1. Partial predilection for reading (7).
5. His work is impressive (7).
9. The sole punishment of the East (9).
10. One who marries but already has children? (5).
11. Even when stopped they still function (5).
12. It works step by step, suggesting monotony (9).
13. Spoil both air and tune (7).
15. Fitting aid for hot drink (7).
17. Carry us round to the spot (7).
19. Garment making money in an old railway (7).
21. A lost rite of the philosopher (9).
23. "Whiles night's black agents to their . . . do rouse" (5). Shakespeare (*Macbeth*).
24. Mainly dead, but cheer up! (5).
25. This alloy should be good sound stuff (4-5).
26. Respect showing some spirit (7).
27. In case the outsider has a fall (7).

### DOWN

1. Bolster on the sea-bed (7).
2. Face-saving devices, as it were (9).
3. "The . . . are a fair people:—they never speak well of one another" (5). Boswell (*Life of Johnson*).
4. A small orange in a neat jar (7).
5. Declare in favour of trial (7).
6. I'm to intervene without delay (9).
7. The composer's all in (5).
8. In the end a friend of the country (7).
14. Room for a neat tramp (9).
16. Band or box to the artist (9).
17. Nautical balance for example in aquatic animals (3-4).
18. Memorable return on board (7).
19. He calls for varnish (7).
20. Decide to do the puzzle again? (7).
22. In a temper, I reckon! (5).
23. Quizzes for slippers (5).

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 4

ACROSS.—7. Battle of flowers. 8. License. 10. Economy. 11. Truce. 12. Aisle. 14. Sound. 15. Once. 16. Omen. 17. Aunt. 19. Pose. 21. Apple. 22. Exile. 23. Niece. 25. Arsenal. 26. Ellipse. 27. Stars and stripes.

DOWN.—1. Familiar spirits. 2. Othello. 3. Beast. 4. Slice. 5. Swindon. 6. Criminal classes. 9. Erne. 10. Echo. 13. Ensue. 14. Sense. 17. Algebra. 18. Tail. 19. Pace. 20. Exhibit. 23. Naiad. 24. Elite.

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**CARDIFF.**—Park Hotel; Restaurant; Grill; Banqueting Rooms; Cocktail Bar; Gentlemen's Hairdressing; Garage. 'Phone 2566 (5 lines).

**CORNWALL.**—Steeple Private Hotel, Treknaw. Lovely views, close Trebarwith Sands. Interior sprung, H. & C. Brochure. Tintagel 357.

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